

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 861.

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUMEY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 14. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

**CHEMICAL MANIPULATION.**—On WEDNESDAY, May 1, Dr. MILLER will give the FIRST of a SERIES of DEMONSTRATIONS in the OPERATIONS of CHEMISTRY, in which the pupils will have an opportunity of becoming practically familiar with the use of the different kinds of apparatus. The course will consist of Thirty Lessons, of two hours each, which will be given daily (except Saturdays) at Half-past Eleven, A.M.  
Further particulars may be obtained by application at the Laboratory, or at the Secretary's Office, in the College.  
R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.  
King's College, April 11, 1844.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—FIELD LECTURES on GEOLOGY.—Professor ANSTED will begin his COURSE of LECTURES on the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS of GEOLOGY on WEDNESDAY, May 1 next, at Three o'clock precisely, P.M.  
On each Saturday during the course the Professor will accompany his class to some one of the public exhibitions illustrating Geology, such as the British Museum, the Museum of Economic Geology and Mineralogy, or on excursions in which the nature of Field Geology will be practically exemplified.  
Prospectuses may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, in the College.  
April 1844. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—SCHOOL.—The SECOND TERM will begin on WEDNESDAY, the 1st May, when it will be admitted. Further information may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
April 1844. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.** Albemarle-street, April 17, 1844.—The Managers hereby give notice, that the FULLEIAN PROFESSORSHIP of PHYSIOLOGY is now VACANT, and that the ELECTION to the society will take place on MONDAY, the 15th of July next, at four o'clock in the afternoon.  
JOHN BARLOW, M.A., Sec. R.I.

**THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.**—The REPORT of the Proceedings of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held on the 25th inst., can now be had (gratis) by application to the agent, Mr. Rodd, No. 9, Great Newport-street, London, who will afford every information as to admission to the society. The subscription is 1*l.* per annum, entitling the subscriber to all the Books issued by the Society in the year subscribed for.

**THE PERCY SOCIETY.**—Established in 1840, for the Publication of Ancient Ballads, Songs, Plays, popular Literature, &c. Prospectuses, with a List of Works issued, may be had of the Society's Printer, Mr. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane, Chancery-cross. Subscribers may either join the Society from the 1st of May next, when Subscriptions for the current year are payable, or by subscribing from the commencement, will have the advantage of securing the few perfect sets that remain.

**THE CAMDEN SOCIETY,** for the Publication of Early Historical and Literary Remains.  
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, for the Election of Officers, and other business, will be held at the FRIARS' TAPERS, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, on THURSDAY, the 2nd May, 1844, at Three o'clock. The Right Hon. Lord BRAYBROOKE, F.R.S., the President, in the Chair.  
WILLIAM J. THOMES, Secretary.  
25, Parliament-street, Westminster.  
25th April, 1844.

Publications of the Society for the year 1843-4.  
I. Promptorium Parvulorum. An English and Latin Dictionary of Words in use during the Fifteenth Century. Edited by Albert Way, Esq. M.A.

II. Three Chapters of Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A.

III. Letters and State Papers relating to the Proceedings of the Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, in 1565 and 1566. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. F.R.S.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—EXHIBITIONS.—THE GARDEN.—The First Meeting will take place on Saturday, the 14th of May; subjects for Exhibition must be at this office on Friday, the 17th; or at the Garden before half-past Eight o'clock, A.M. on the day of Exhibition.  
Exhibitors will be provided with a printed form, in which they will state, for the information of the Judges, whether their Plants, &c. have been shown previously during the Season.  
Tickets will be issued at One P.M. Tickets are issued to Fellow at this office, price 3*s.* each; or at the Garden, in the afternoon of the day of Exhibition, at 7*s.* 6*d.* each; but only on orders from FELLOWS of the Society.  
No tickets will be issued in Regent-street on the day of Exhibition.  
25, Regent-street.

**ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.**—EXHIBITIONS OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, and MICROSCOPES, in the GARDENS of this Society.—  
Tuesday, June 30.  
Tuesday, July 2.  
When Prices exceed 10*l.* will be competed for.  
Fellows, Members, and bearers of ivory tickets, will be admitted upon entering their names in the gate-book. Visitors may obtain tickets at 5*s.* each, except on the days of the Exhibitions, when they will be 7*s.* 6*d.* each, by orders from Fellows and Members only.  
The gates will be opened at Two o'clock. CARRIAGES to enter the inner Circle of the Park by the road opposite the York Gate, to set down in front of the principal Gate to the Gardens, and take up at the Gate opposite to the road leading to Chester Terrace.  
Should the weather prove wet, a NEW GATE connected with the Tents will be opened.  
Tickets and further particulars to be had at the Gardens.  
By order of the Council.

**CORPORATION of the LITERARY FUND.**  
Instituted 1790, and Incorporated 1815.  
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Henry Thomas Hope, Esq.  
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The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in FREEMASONS' HALL, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th May, THE MARQUIS of NORTHAMPTON, President of the Royal Society, in the Chair.  
Stewards.  
Right Hon. the Earl of Auckland, G.C.B.  
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The principle of the Literary Fund is to administer assistance to Authors of genius and learning, who may be reduced to distress by unavoidable calamities, or deprived by enforced idleness of the declining life, of the power of literary exertion. This assistance is renewed as often as the Committee consider necessary, and is extended at the death of an author to his widow and children. In the application of this liberality, the utmost caution is used, both as to the reality of the distress, and the merits of the individual. No writer can come within the views of the Society who has not published a work of intelligence and power; and nothing more than a brilliant, however brilliant, it be, is invariably exacted. While the Institution restricts its aid by no invidious limits of class in society, religious persuasion, party feeling, or place of birth, it excludes every author, without exception, whose writings are offensive to Morals or Religion, and whose personal character is not proved by satisfactory testimony to be beyond suspicion.

During the last half century the Literary Fund has devoted to the relief of the unfortunate scholar no less a sum than 30,200*l.*; and 2,076 grants have been bestowed upon upwards of 1,300 applicants.  
Tickets for the Dinner, 50*s.* each, may be had of the Stewards, and of the Secretary, at the Chambers of the Corporation, 73, Great Russell-street. Donations and Subscriptions in aid of the charitable purposes of the Institution will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Treasurers, John Griffin, Esq. 21, Bedford place, Sir Henry Ellis, British Museum, and William Tooke, Esq. 12, Russell-square, and by  
OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

**STODDART and CONOLLY FUND.**  
The following sums have been subscribed by the MEMBERS of the INSTITUTION of CIVIL ENGINEERS, of which Institution Col. STODDART was Secretary.

James Walker, Esq. F.R.S., President.	20
Joshua Field, Esq. V.P.	2 0
H. R. Palmer, Esq. V.P.	1 0
George Lowe, Esq.	1 0
Robert Sibley, Esq.	1 0
James Simpson, Esq.	3 0
John Taylor, Esq.	1 0
Thos. Winkfield, Esq.	5 0
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Wm. C. Mylne, Esq.	1 0
L. Col. Colquhoun	1 0
L. Col. Humphreys	1 0
Capt. W. S. Moorhouse	5 0
Geo. Turnbull, Esq.	2 0
H. R. Palmer, Esq.	1 0
Subscriptions received by Messrs. Drummonds; Messrs. Hankey; and the Committee.	
Army and Navy Club.	
25th April 1844.	
JOHN GROVER, Capt. President of the Committee.	

**SINGING on the METHOD of WILHEM,**  
under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education, APOLLOCON ROOMS, 101, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.  
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A MORNING ELEMENTARY CLASS, for LADIES, will commence on FRIDAY NEXT, MAY 3, at a quarter-past TWELVE o'clock, and will meet on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

**EVENING ELEMENTARY CLASSES.**  
CLASS No. 22, FOR GENTLEMEN, will commence on MONDAY NEXT, APRIL 29, at SIX o'clock.  
CLASS No. 23, FOR LADIES, will commence on THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 2, at half-past FOUR o'clock.

CLASS No. 24, FOR WORKMEN ONLY, will commence on TUESDAY NEXT, APRIL 30, at NINE o'clock.  
Tickets and full particulars may be obtained at the Office, 101, St. Martin's-lane.

**FINE ARTS.**—PUBLIC NOTICE to ARTISTS and POSSESSORS of PICTURES on HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.—The walls of CROSBY HALL are open for the EXHIBITION of PICTURES of the above description for a limited period. As the object is the advancement of a knowledge of the Fine Arts, the Pictures sent will be subject to the approval of a qualified person, and if they are intended for sale, the price must be left with them.—For further particulars apply to Mr. M. Benle, 41, Bishopsgate-street Within; or of the Librarian, Crosby Hall.

**LONDON LIBRARY, 49, PALL MALL.**  
Patron, His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT. The Subscription for the next year becoming due on Wednesday next, the 1st of May, the Members are respectfully invited to pay the amount (Two Pounds) to Messrs. Bouverie and Co., 11, Haymarket.  
Persons who are desirous of becoming Members of the Institution at this time, should send their names forthwith to the Secretary.  
By order of the Committee.  
J. G. COCHRANE, Secretary and Librarian.

**A LADY,** who intends taking two Sisters abroad in search of the benefit of Masters, is willing to take the charge of TWO YOUNG LADIES who may wish for the same advantages.—Direct to E. L., care of Mr. Street, Advertising Agent, St. Paul-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

**ITALIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.**—PROFESSOR ANGELO CERUTTI.—Mr. CERUTTI, the Author of the "Grammatica Filosofica," and two English-Italian Grammars, just returned from Rome, intends to give TWO COURSES of LESSONS on the ITALIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE, one for Ladies, and another for Gentlemen. The former will begin on the 10th of MAY, and the latter on the 10th. They will last three months, and be held three times in the week, at the Professor's residence; the Lessons of two hours. Terms, 5*guineas* for the three months; or 2*guineas* a month.

**MANSION HOUSE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.** HANMER SMITH, conducted by Mr. WM. WALKER.—At this Establishment Young Gentlemen are religiously and carefully trained in every branch of a liberal Education. The domestic arrangements for the health and happiness of the Pupils are such as the most anxious parent must approve. The Premises are very spacious, and admirably adapted for a school-room large; the dormitories lofty and well ventilated; and the Play-ground nearly an acre in extent. Terms moderate, and references given to Parents of Pupils, and to Gentlemen educated by the Principal. The School is publicly examined at Midsummer and Christmas.

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Applications to be made to H. J. Marcus, Honorary Secretary, Leeds, 24th April, 1844.

**Sale by Auction.**  
TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.  
Messrs. J. C. & S. STEVENS beg to announce they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Room, 38, King-street, Covent-garden, on THURSDAY, 2nd of May, at 11.

**THE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF FOREIGN and BRITISH INSECTS,** belonging to Dr. Joseph Hooker, and the Foreign collection of INSECTS belonging to the Entomological Club; both Collections contain many rare and valuable examples; together with a Cabinet, and a number of Mahogany and other Boxes.  
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**MESSRS. C. B. TAIT & CO.** have been instructed by the Representatives of the late Mrs. M. TAIT (deceased), to SELL, by Public Auction, all the late Mrs. TAIT's valuable Library, 11, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, early in MAY. Printed particulars had on application.  
Edinburgh, 24th April.

**CHEAP BOOKS.**—A List of SECOND-HAND CLASSICAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS may be had free of expense, of W. HEATH, 29, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London.

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**TO BOOK-BUYERS.**  
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**TO BOOK-COLLECTORS.**  
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**ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL on WEDNESDAY, the 8th of May, 1844, at the ALBION, Theatre, Aldersgate-street.**  
**JAMES EMMERSON TENNENT, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.**

*Stewards.*  
 His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, K.G.  
 The Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.  
 John Musgrove, Esq., Alderman,  
 Francis Graham Moon, Esq.,  
 Barclay, D., Esq., M.P., V.P.  
 Flak, Rev. T. Hammond  
 Foster, George Holgate, Esq.  
 Grinnell, Stacey, Esq.  
 Hawes, Benjamin, Esq.  
 Hulbert, John, Esq.  
 Johnson, J., Esq., Alderman  
 Walker, R., Esq., M.P.  
 Gentlemen are requested to order their Dinner will be on table at Half-past Five o'clock precisely. Tickets, One Guinea, to be had of the Stewards, and at the bar of the Tavern.

*Law Life Assurance Society,*  
 Fleet-street, next St. Dunstan's Church,  
 April 8, 1844.

**NOTICE is hereby given that the DIVIDENDS** on the CAPITAL STOCK of this Society, for the year 1843, are in the course of payment, and can be received any day (Tuesday excepted) between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock.  
 By order of the Directors,  
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ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

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1. Millicent; or, Summer and Winter, a Love Story, by Mrs. Gore.—2. The Robertses on their Travels, by Mrs. Trollope.—3. The Beauty of Brighton, by John Poole, Esq.—4. The Bit of Preferment, by the Author of 'Peter Priggin.'—5. The Partie Fine, by Titmarsh.—6. More Reminiscences of the late Prince Talleyrand.—7. Conclusion of the Story of Marianne Esterling, by the Medical Student.—8. On the Duplicity of Man.—9. The Ill-Humorist; or, our Recantation.—10. Deceased People whom we meet with Daily, by Laman Blanchard, Esq.—11. Recreations in Natural History, Elephants, Part II.—12. Lachrymose Writers, by Horace Smith, Esq.—13. Mrs. Hope, the Fortune-Teller, by James Kenney, Esq.—14. The Polka.—15. The Gladness of May.—16. Why do the Flowers Bloom?—17. The New Spirit of the Age, &c.

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Though the burden of the *Nemesis* was about 700 tons, her mean draught of water, when fully laden, was only six feet, but in actual service she drew little more than five feet; she was almost flat-bottomed, but had two sliding keels, capable of being raised or lowered to the depth of five feet below the bottom of the vessel; a false rudder was fixed to the true rudder, which could be raised or depressed like the keel; and the entire ship was divided into seven water-tight compartments, so that a leak in one compartment could have no effect on the rest of the ship. Her greatest defect was the want of correctors sufficient to counteract the local attraction of so large a mass of iron on the compasses, and this disadvantage had nearly caused her destruction at the very outset, for she struck on the coast of Cornwall, in her first experimental trip. It must also be mentioned, that though employed as a war ship, the officers of the *Nemesis* were not subject to the Articles of War, and it is highly creditable to her officers that she was notwithstanding kept efficiently manned, and ready for action.

Soon after the *Nemesis* had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, she was struck by a tremendous sea, which carried away her starboard paddle-wheel, and produced another more serious injury, that threatened her total destruction:—

"An immense perpendicular crack was discovered on both sides of the vessel, just before the after paddle or sponson beam, extending almost entirely through the second iron plate from the top, and also through a small portion of the upper one. These had been broken asunder with such violence, that, at the worst point of the injury, the plate had bulged outwards in such a manner, that one portion of the broken surface projected to the extent of about two inches, leaving a most formidable opening in the ship's side. In reality, the ship had begun to separate amidships, from one side to the other. There was every probability, too, that the crack, which at this time was nearly two feet and a half in length, would rapidly extend itself by the working of the ship, unless the weather moderated very speedily. There was every cause for alarm, and little prospect of being able, even temporarily, to repair so serious an injury in the then state of the weather."

In this state she had to encounter very heavy weather; the crack in the plates extended farther and farther; the vessel was evidently "working amidships," that is, "was moving in and out from side to side." The gallant crew, however, did not despair, and by their persevering exertions the vessel was brought safely into Delagoa Bay.

A lamentable description is given of the state of the Portuguese colonies in Eastern Africa: not only is the slave trade encouraged, but the whole course of the government tends to per-

petuate barbarism. The Sultan of the Comoro Islands is anxious to encourage British manufactures, and to suppress the slave trade; on this account, a rival has been set up against him, named Raymanytek, and the legitimate sovereign has been obliged to apply to the English governor of the Mauritius for assistance:—

"The picture he draws of the state of his country is a pitiable one for a prince himself to be obliged to depict.—the town burnt; the country ravaged; all our cattle killed by the chief Raymanytek, aided by natives of Mohilla, under his orders." He distinctly intimates that the rebel chief was receiving "assistance from the French;" and, although he does not state reasonable grounds for the assertion, the statement is not altogether an improbable one, considering that the abolition of slavery in the Mauritius had roused the feelings of the French population against us and our allies: and, moreover, slavery was still in existence in the neighbouring island of Bourbon, where strong feelings against the English had been undisguisedly avowed; while, at the same time, the difficulty of procuring fresh slaves had greatly raised their price. Intrigues were thought to have been carried on by the French traders in Madagascar itself, where they have long attempted to obtain a footing, but with little success, owing to the deadly nature of the climate. It is, however, perfectly well known that they are still anxious to strain every nerve to establish themselves in some place to the eastward of the Cape, in addition to the island of Bourbon, where there is no harbour whatever, but merely an open roadstead. They are, moreover, anxious to get some *point d'appui* whence they may injure British trade, in case of war in that quarter; and, at the same time, by establishing a little colony of their own, find some means of augmenting their mercantile marine."

At the close of the year 1840, the *Nemesis*, after a voyage of eight months, arrived in the Chinese waters, and at the commencement of 1841 took an active part in the attack on Chuenpee. Here the difficulty of getting the Chinese to understand the European practice of giving and receiving quarter led to a sad and unnecessary waste of life:—

"Now were to be seen some of those horrors of war which, when the excitement of the moment is over, and the interest as well as danger of strategic manoeuvres are at an end, none can remember without regret and pain. The Chinese, not accepting quarter, though attempting to escape, were cut up by the fire of our advancing troops; others, in the faint hope of escaping what to them appeared certain death at the hands of their victors, precipitated themselves recklessly from the top of the battlements; numbers of them were now swimming in the river, and not a few vainly trying to swim, and sinking in the effort; some few, however, perhaps a hundred, surrendered themselves to our troops, and were soon afterwards released. Many of the poor fellows were unavoidably shot by our troops, who were not only warmed with the previous fighting, but exasperated because the Chinese had fired off their matchlocks at them first, and then threw them away, as if to ask for quarter; under these circumstances, it could not be wondered at that they suffered. Some again barricaded themselves within the houses of the fort, a last and desperate effort; and, as several of our soldiers were wounded by their spears, death and destruction were the consequence."

The *Nemesis* took the lead in the destruction of the Chinese squadron in Anson's Bay, and during the engagement an incident occurred, which produced on a small scale the same effect as the blowing up of *L'Orient* at the battle of the Nile:—

"One of the most formidable engines of destruction which any vessel, particularly a steamer, can make use of is the congreve rocket, a most terrible weapon when judiciously applied, especially where there are combustible materials to act upon. The very first rocket fired from the *Nemesis* was seen to enter the large junk against which it was directed, near that of the admiral, and almost the instant afterwards it

blew up with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling round, and even portions of dismembered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it."

Finding that the war-junks were unable to cope with the British ships, the Chinese began to build gun-boats on what they considered European models:—

"But the most remarkable improvement of all, and which showed the rapid stride towards a great change which they were daily making, as well as the ingenuity of the Chinese character, was the construction of several large wheeled vessels, which were afterwards brought forward against us with great confidence, at the engagement at Woosung, the last naval affair of the war, and were each commanded by a mandarin of rank, shewing the importance they attached to their new vessels. This too was so far north as the Yangtze Keang, where we had never traded with them; so that the idea must have been suggested to them by the reports they received concerning the wonderful power of our steamers or wheeled vessels. To anticipate a little, it may here be mentioned, that the vessels had wooden wheels, very like an undershot mill-wheel, which were moved by machinery inside the vessel, worked by a sort of capstan by manual labour, the crew walking it round and round, just like walking up an anchor on board a man-of-war; the horizontal revolution was turned into the upright one by strong wooden cog-wheels, upon regular mechanical principles."

Into the history of the negotiations between Keshen and Capt. Elliot, we have no wish to enter a second time. We adhere to our opinion, often expressed before, that Keshen was perfectly sincere in his desire for peace, and the extracts given in the present work, from his dispatches to the Emperor, show that he was anxious to lay before his sovereign as much truth as the imperial mind would bear. In fact, the question of war or peace was connected with a party-intrigue in the Chinese cabinet, and many of the functionaries of state as unwillingly aided the belligerent policy of their sovereign, as Lord North supported the American war to gratify George III. Elliot's greatest error was not trusting to Keshen, but entering into terms with Yang, after Keshen had been recalled, and withdrawing the force from Canton, on terms which amounted at best only to a suspension of hostilities; and his great blunder was the issuing of a proclamation very much in the style of Commissioner Lin himself, when the terms of the evacuation were violated.

"Captain Elliot, however, could not forego the pleasure of giving a parting proclamation to the Chinese, even then. He told the people of Canton 'that their city had twice been spared, but that his agreement with the three Commissioners had now been violated by them, by the arming of their forts, and by their secret preparations to attack the English, who were the real protectors of the city.' He called upon them 'to remember the hour of battle, and to consider whether the troops of the other provinces now among them were not the real scourges of the inhabitants;' and, after a little more in the same compassionate strain, he wound up by calling upon them 'to turn out the Commissioners and their troops from the city within twelve hours, otherwise that the English would be obliged to withdraw their protection from the city, and take military possession of it, confiscating all the property to the Queen of England.' This must have sounded highly gratifying to the Chinese; quite in the oriental style; and it was exceedingly probable that the mob of Canton would have the power, even had they the will, to turn out about twenty thousand troops, together with the high authorities, all in the twinkling of an eye, by a sort of talismanic 'Open sesame.'"

When the war was renewed in earnest, under

the auspices of Sir Henry Pottinger, the English soldiers soon began to despise the Chinese too much to inflict any wanton injury upon them; and this contempt probably saved the lives of many at the storming of Tanghai.

A trait of the ingenuity which the Chinese are accused of manifesting in devising modes of torture deserves to be recorded:—

"The Chinese seem to take pleasure in inventing various cruel modes by which death may be inflicted, although probably they are not now used, if, indeed, they ever were. The most original and disgusting of all these methods, (of which, however, there was no evidence of its being used) was illustrated by the discovery, either at Chinhae or at Ningpo, of the model of a machine for *pounding women* to death. The original model was found in a temple, together with various others of a very extraordinary kind. It was very small, and was merely a model, but it represented a large oblong stone vase, in which the woman was to be placed, with the back of her head resting upon one extremity, (the long hair hanging over the side, and fastened to it), while her legs were to be secured to the other extremity. The horrible pounding process was to be effected by means of a huge stone pestle, large at the base and conical at the apex, similar to those which they use for pounding rice. The pestle, or cone, was fixed to the extremity of a long pole, the pole itself being fastened by a pin in the centre to an upright support, something in the manner of a pump-handle. The extremity of the handle being depressed by a man's weight, of course raised the cone, and, the pressure being removed, the heavy cone or pestle descended by its own weight, which was quite sufficient to pound one to pieces."

With the exception of this narrow receptacle for the female form were found in the means adopted for the concealment of fair ladies in moments of danger. The following incident occurred at Chinhae:—

"Orders had been issued by the Admiral to examine all junks leaving the city, in order to prevent them from carrying away plunder. One of these had just been examined, without finding anything of value on board, when it occurred that something might still be concealed in the after-locker, a sort of cup-board of moderate size. On opening this sanctum, it appeared to contain what looked like the dead body of a female, recently put into it, well dressed, and, judging from her handsome shoes and small feet, a person of some importance. This looked a very strange affair, but as no one could speak a word of the language, it was impossible to inquire into it. However, as it appeared to be a capital opportunity to examine the nature of a Chinese lady's foot, the men were ordered to lift the body out; and this appeared likely to be no easy matter, so closely did it seem to be jammed in. But the moment the Jacks laid hold of the shoulders, a tremendous scream issued forth, as if a ghost had suddenly been endowd with some unearthly voice, and tried to frighten them out of all propriety. The poor thing had only shammed being dead, in order, as she thought, to escape detection. She was now very gently lifted out, and not without some difficulty, being literally *half dead* with the fright and confinement. In the bottom of the locker beneath her was found a bag of money, with which she had evidently attempted to escape. She was of course allowed to go away without further molestation, boat and all. But this little event afforded infinite amusement afterwards, when told with a little pardonable embellishment."

Chinkeang was one of the last places subjugated, and here was discovered a small Pagoda, made entirely of cast iron.—

"Some have called it Gutzlaff's Pagoda, for he is said to have been the first to find it out; and it excited so much attention, that the question was at one time mooted, as to the possibility of taking it to pieces, and conveying it to England, as a remarkable specimen of Chinese antiquity. Nor would this have been at all impossible; for although it had seven stories, it was altogether little more than thirty feet high, and each story was cast in separate pieces. It was of an octagonal shape, and had originally been ornamented in high relief on every side, though the

lapse of ages had much defaced the ornaments. It was calculated by Mr. Gutzlaff, that this remarkable structure must be at least *twelve hundred years old*, judging from the characters still found upon it. Whatever its age may be, there can be no question that it proves the Chinese were acquainted with the art of casting large masses of iron, and of using them both for solidity and for ornament, centuries before it was adopted in Europe. One can scarcely help regretting that this little Pagoda was not taken to pieces and brought to England, as a much finer and more worthy trophy than all the guns captured during the war."

Mr. Bernard has performed his editorial duties with integrity. He has shown, all through, a laudable anxiety to do justice to the Chinese character, which he views more hopefully than most of the historians of the expedition, and he assigns strong reasons for believing that the articles of the treaty will be observed with good faith, and will promote the prosperity both of China and England.

#### *Matilda; or, the Memoirs of a Young Woman.*

By Eugène Sue. Translated from the French, by H. W. Herbert, Author of 'Marmaduke Wyvil.' New York, Winchester.

*The Mysteries of Paris.* By Eugène Sue. Translated from the French, by C. W. Town, Esq. New York, Harper Brothers & Co.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

THESE novels, though familiar as household words to every reader of French by the agency of *Le Journal des Débats*, still contain matter for the critic, when met with, as now, naturalized by translation, and circulating among the vast and busy millions of American and English readers. So long as their reputation was local, it was the wiser morality to leave it undisturbed; the case, however, is now somewhat changed, and the few remarks we have to offer may not be altogether useless either here or on the other side the Atlantic.

The popularity of these books in France is, in its small way, a literary curiosity. For some dozen years M. Eugène Sue held a third-rate place among contemporary Parisian novelists. His tales were the very things to enchant the heroine of 'Northanger Abbey,' being, in the most sanguinary and sulphureous sense of the word, "very horrid,"—with a rough and *piratical* force, it is true, in certain of the scenes and characters, sufficient to rescue them from utter contempt. Yet after an even and busy career like this, lo and behold!—he has suddenly shot past Hugo, and De Vigny, and Balzac, and George Sand, and Charles Bernard, and Jules Janin;—and where they have their hundreds, he has his thousands of readers. The appearance of 'Les Mystères' is commemorated among historical events in the French almanacs; the theatres are besieged from cock-crow when there is any hope of seeing a scene from the same dramatized. Since Richardson was persecuted by correspondents in a passion of suspense as to the fate of his Clarissa, never has been excited a greater ferment of interest and curiosity with regard to the progress of an incomplete work—on the part of some, a matter of mere impatience;—on the part of others (and here we come to a sad and startling fact) from an idea that the story was one developing great social truths and high moral lessons.

That our statement of the matter is not extreme, is warranted by the preface to the American translation of 'Matilda,' wherein Mr. H. W. Herbert, himself a clever novelist, and an Englishman, assures his American readers "that he would sooner cut off his right hand than suffer it to transcribe a licentious or obscene paragraph"; that he should consider "his name as irreparably blasted were he to

suffer it to appear in connexion with any work of which the morality was even doubtful." He denounces the novels of Paul de Kock as "beastly," and, after an eulogium upon the "pure and elevated fictions of Scott and James," declares it to be neither "uninstructive nor amusing to see what are the opinions, what are the views, on points of morality and conduct, entertained by a great, shrewd, and polished people." Here, then, we have the author of 'La Vie de Koät Ven' and 'Latreumont' solemnly chaired as a lay teacher, to whose lessons of life the public of the New World will do wisely to give ear. How must the sardonic and keen-witted Parisian *viveur* laugh in his sleeve at the diploma!

To examine the justice of such preferment, we may observe that both these novels of M. Eugène Sue are illustrations of Power: in 'Matilda,' power turned to the most diabolical uses; in 'Les Mystères,' employed on the side of Benevolence. The "young woman" whose memoirs are laid before us, has hardly contracted a marriage with one of the most charming, fashionable, and devoted of men, before she discovers that her husband is bound hand and foot in the absolute thrall of a Mephistopheles, who will not be content unless she also is made to minister to his satisfaction. This demon, M. de Lugarto, has riches by the bank-full,—of course, agents by the hundred; and the strong interest of the book is excited by the perpetual terror he maintains in the mind of the heroine, whose reputation he destroys, whose person he menaces, whose husband, finally, he bribes and degrades until he becomes a partner in his infamous designs. An additional piquancy, we may add (as throwing light on a point of manners), was given to this horrible invention, on its first appearance in Paris, by a whisper, judiciously circulated, that this monster-millionaire was drawn from life. Nor is this revolting strain of incident relieved by episodes of less offensive quality: the *liaison* between M. de Lancry and Matilda's cousin—the heroine's own affection, as a married woman, for the man, whom she is allowed, as a widow, to marry,—have "the trail of the serpent" over them. They fever the reader by the very power with which they are wrought up; they fascinate, but unwholesomely. What lessons of life and conduct are the Americans to learn from such tawdry displays of sentimental weakness and unblushing crime? As pictures of manners, we believe them to be outrageous caricatures. There are other households, we firmly trust, among the middle classes in France, than those whose fermentation breeds Laffargues and De la Roncières. But if there be *not*, is it the deed of an angel of wisdom and mercy, or of an Asmodeus, to uncover the roofs, and exhibit their foul secrets?

But the morality of 'Les Mystères' strikes us as yet worse than that of the tale just reproached, because of the higher professions made in it by the author, and recognized by throngs of his eager admirers. In this tale, as we have said, we encounter Power in the cause of Benevolence. The passion of the Grand Duke of Gerolstein is to bring mischief to light, to succour misery, and to punish evil: he stalks through all the moral filth of Paris, redressing crime by crime, detecting chicanery by artifice,—here, putting out the eyes of one sinner, to give him time and motive for repentance,—there, awakening the vilest passions of another, without satisfying them, that they may sting their possessor; telling falsehood after falsehood, employing trick after trick, to recommend truth, and purity, and disinterestedness—and to set right the distortion in the relations between the small and the great, the wearers of rags and



of cloth of gold. With such a canker at the heart of this book, what avail the appeals to philanthropic exertion it contains?—the hideous interiors of the dens of thieves, painted, as it were, in the slime of the shambles? the prurient details of hospital visitations, where the modesty of poverty is outraged? What avails the very natural character of a heroine, who has grown up an angel of delicacy and refinement, in such a sink of iniquity? what avail the pompously described agonies and torments of Desire, and Ambition, and Intrigue? the terrible grasp made upon the industrious and defenceless by Shame and Madness?—and the effete attempt at a harmonious close to such a Walpurgis revel of all that is darkest, most filthy, and most mournful? Whether any such details, by way of filling up even the best outline, are admissible in a work of Art, becomes a grave question; but we are sure that when employed to dress out a first invention so distorted and defective, the result of good will be miserably small, as compared with the bad amount of curiosity stirred, appetite sharpened, and feverish excitement maintained.

It is true, we gladly admit, that the publication of this strange book has excited in France commiseration amongst a class hitherto as indifferent to the sufferings of the lower order, as the light-hearted profligates of the Regency. It is an advance from the days of 'Robert Macaire,' that Countesses should ask questions about savings' banks, and that MM. *les gants jaunes* should condescend to peep into "the Popular Hive" as well as the *foyer* of the Grand Opera. Doubtless, as a *mode*, such charity is more defensible than the cigar-smoking propensities of the ladies,—than the gambling of the gentlemen. But as our state of society—happily for England and America—is in no respect analogous to that of our neighbours, we cannot err in saying, that for ourselves and our Brother Jonathan's family, the virtue and philanthropy, here introduced, appear in such questionable company, that every honest public officer of literary customs must pronounce them contraband, and, as such, discountenance—if the laws do not permit him to forbid—their entry.

*Mexico as it was and as it is.* By Brantz Mayer, Secretary of the U.S. Legation to that country in 1841 and 1842. New York, Winchester; London and Paris, Wiley & Putnam.

We have of late years obtained several interesting glimpses of Mexico, a country which, both from its ancient monuments and modern condition, opens to us some of the most perplexing difficulties in the history of civilization, and some of the most knotty problems in political science. Mr. Mayer does not profess an intention to satisfy either the antiquarian or the statesman; he declares that his design was simply to record what he saw, adding only such reflections as were suggested to his mind at the moment; he describes himself as a mere gatherer of materials, and declares that "Time will build the monument." His contributions "to the pile" embrace a wide variety of subjects, relating to the social condition, religion, antiquities, statistics, revolutions and politics of Mexico; and our duty will be best performed by selecting some of the most prominent and useful portions of this miscellaneous collection.

The aspect of Vera Cruz, where our Secretary of Legation landed, is briefly and sportively described:—

"Vera Cruz lies on a low, sandy shore, extending for miles along the coast. I will not trouble you with the details of the city's history, famous as the spot where thousands have come to die of the *vomito*—or, to make their fortunes (if they survive the certain attack of that disease,) and return with shat-

tered constitutions to colder climates, to ache in memory of the heat they endured in Mammon's service. Landing at the Moletta, the first thing that struck me was a gang of more than a hundred galley-slaves, chained, and at work in the broiling sun, cutting and carrying stone to repair the broken pier. The second was the roofs of the churches, which seemed to be covered with mourning, as I supposed for some deceased prelate. The mourning turned out, however, to be nothing more than thousands of zopilotes or turkey-buzzards, the chief of whom is usually perched on the peak of the cross of the loftiest church—a sentinel for prey! These two classes of folks, to wit, the galley-slaves and zopilotes, constitute a large part of the most useful population of Vera Cruz—the former being the city authorities' labourers, the latter the city authorities' scavengers. It is a high crime to kill a zopilote. He is under the protection of the laws, and walks the streets with as much nonchalance and as 'devil-may-care' a look as other 'gentlemen in black,' who pick the sins from our souls as these creatures pick impurities from the streets. The Mole, or quay, is of good masonry, and furnished with stairs and cranes for the landing of goods, though from the great violence of the ocean during the *Norther*s, and the great neglect of proper repairs, it is likely to be entirely ruined. In heavy weather the sea makes a clear breach over it; yet this, and the Castle of San Juan on a land spit near a mile off, are the only protections for the shipping of all nations and the commerce of more than half the Republic! Passing from the Mole you enter the city by an unfinished gateway, near which Santa Anna lost his leg during the attack of the French in 1838. Beyond this portal is a large square, which will be surrounded with custom-house buildings—though there is now scarce a symptom of them except in the granite stones, most of which have been imported from the United States. From this spot, a short walk to the left leads you to the arcade of a street, and you soon find yourself in the public square of the city, which, though small in its dimensions, is neat and substantial. On the east, north, and west, it is bounded by noble ranges of edifices, built over light arches—the one to the eastward, with its back to the sea, being the former Governor's residence, and still appropriated to the civil and military purposes of the State. On the south of the square is the parish church, with its walls blackened with sea-damps and zopilotes."

There was little temptation to detain travellers at Vera Cruz, which its own citizens describe as "the metropolis of pestilence;" Mr. Mayer therefore sought the earliest means of continuing his journey into the interior. Tales of robbery, however, were rife, and he obtained an escort from the authorities. The value of such protection may be estimated by the fact that Mr. Mayer having accidentally examined the carbine of one of his guards, found that the lock was so damaged as to render the weapon utterly unserviceable. The most interesting event of the journey was the acquaintance which our traveller made with the *arrieros*, or common carriers of the country, by whom nearly all the transportation of the most valuable merchandise and precious metals is conducted.

"They form a very large proportion of the population, yet, by no similar class elsewhere are they exceeded in devoted honesty, punctuality, patient endurance, and skilful execution of duty. Nor is this the less remarkable when we recollect the country through which they travel—its disturbed state—and the opportunities consequently afforded for transgression. I have never been more struck with the folly of judging men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the *Arrieros*. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well greased jerkin that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico, the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with. He overcomes them all—is never robbed and never robs

—and, at the appointed day, comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or monies have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless and unsecured—with nothing but his fair name and *unbroken word*. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim: 'Soy José María, Señor, por veinte años Arriero de México—*todo el mundo me conoce!*' 'I am José María, sir, I'd have you know—an Arriero of Mexico of twenty years—all the world knows me!'"

Most travellers have dwelt with rapture on the first aspect of the Valley of Mexico from the ridge of the Sierra Nevada; to Cortez and his companions, it seemed as if a terrestrial paradise had been suddenly opened to them, for the hills were then covered with forests, the lake had not shrunk from its proportion, and in the centre of its wide expanse of waters rose the proud city of the Aztec kings, filled with palaces and temples, the Venice of a New World. Even now, there are few who could gaze on such a panorama as Mr. Mayer has described without lively emotion:—

"Conceive yourself placed on a mountain nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of everything first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon a world. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because nowhere else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanos, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west, (near fifty miles distant,) you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapoury distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you. I could have gazed for hours at this little world while the sun and passing vapour chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studding the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There were no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where Nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labour in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of 'still life' inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner, mingled its blue wreath with the blue sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines."

The city of Mexico does not improve on nearer acquaintance; the greater part of its population consists of the *léperos*, and though they do not suffer from the loathsome disease which gives them their name, they are quite as disgusting:—

"Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for



years, and never know the use of brush, or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablution; and, over all, place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes, and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness; breasts bared and browned, and (if females) with two or three miniatures of the same species trotting after her, and another certainly strapped to her back: combine all these in your imagination, and you have a recipe for a Mexican lépero. There, on the canals, around the markets and *pulque* shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long; feeding on fragments, quarreling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their lairs, to sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class, (hopeless in the present and the future,) that there are murderers and robbers?"

General Santa Anna has acted so conspicuous a part in the great drama of the Mexican Revolution and has recently been brought so prominently into discussion that we cannot pass over his portrait:—

"In person, General Santa Anna is about six feet high, well made, and of graceful bearing, though he stumps along on an old-fashioned wooden peg, rejecting, as uncomfortable, all the 'mock legs' with patent springs and self-moving inventions, which have been presented to him by his flatterers from all parts of the world. His dress, as I have said before, is on all public occasions that of a high officer of the army; and his breast is covered with richly-gemmed decorations. His brow, shaded with black hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, is by no means lofty, but narrow and smooth. Although his whole head is rather small, and perhaps rather too long for its breadth, it has, however, a marked and boldly-defined outline, indicating talent and resolution. His nose is straight and well-shaped, and his brow knit in a line over close and brilliant eyes, which are said to flash with fire when aroused to passion. His complexion is dark and sallow, and his temperament is evidently bilious. His mouth is the most remarkable feature. Its prominent expression, when at rest, is that of mingled pain and anxiety. In perfect repose, you would think him looking on a dying friend, with whose sufferings he was deeply but helplessly sympathizing. His head and face are those of an attentive, thoughtful, melancholy, but determined character. There is no ferocity, vindictiveness, or ill-temper in his expression; and when his countenance is lighted up by pleasant conversation, in which he appears to enter eagerly, though with a timid and subdued voice; and when he puts on that sweetly wooing smile, which seems too tranquil ever to ripen into a laugh; you feel that you have before you a man, who would be singled from a thousand for his quiet refinement and serious temper; one who would at once command your sympathy and your respect; a well-bred gentleman, and a resolute soldier, who can win by the solicitation of an insinuating address, or rule by the authority of an imperious spirit."

During his residence in Mexico Mr. Mayer made several excursions into the country, and everywhere found the Indians reduced to the greatest misery and degradation:—

"In the course of this afternoon we passed through several Indian villages, and saw numbers of people at work in the fields by the road side. Two things struck me: first the miserable hovels in which the Indians are lodged, in comparison with which a decent dog-kennel at home is a comfortable household; and second, the fact that this, although the Sabbath, was no day of repose to these ever-working, but poor and thrifless people. Many of the wretched creatures were stowed away under a roof of thatch, stuck on the bare ground, with a hole at one end to crawl in."

While on a visit to one of the most intelligent of the Mexican landed proprietors, Mr. Mayer received the interesting information of the existence of at least one Indian community, which has preserved a qualified independence, and

probably maintained the usages of their Aztec ancestors.

"As we looked over the fields of cane, waving their long, delicate green leaves, in the mid-day sunshine to the south, he pointed out to us the site of an Indian village, at the distance of three leagues, the inhabitants of which are almost in their native state. He told us, that they do not permit the visits of white people; and that, numbering more than three thousand, they come out in delegations to work at the haciendas, being governed at home by their own magistrates, administering their own laws, and employing a Catholic priest, once a-year, to shrive them of their sins. The money they receive in payment of wages, at the haciendas, is taken home and buried; and as they produce the cotton and skins for their dress, and the corn and beans for their food, they purchase nothing at the stores. They form a good and harmless community of people, rarely committing a depredation upon the neighbouring farmers, and only occasionally lassoing a cow or a bull, which they say they 'do not steal, but take for food.' If they are chased on such occasions, so great is their speed of foot, they are rarely caught even by the swiftest horses: and if their settlement is ever entered by a white, the transgressor is immediately seized, put under guard in a large hut, and he and his animal are fed and carefully attended to until the following day, when he is dispatched from the village under an escort of Indians, who watch him until far beyond the limits of the primitive settlement. Du Roslan and myself felt a strong desire (notwithstanding the inhibition) to visit this original community, as one of the most interesting objects of our journey: but the rest of our party objecting, we were forced to submit to the law of majorities in our wandering tribe."

The lake of Tezcoco was one of the objects which Mr. Mayer was anxious to visit, and his personal observations confirm the accounts of the old historians, respecting the supply of food which the Indians obtain not merely from the abundant supply of fish and water-fowl, but also from "flies-eggs," which, so far as we know, have nowhere else formed an article of consumption:—

"On attaining the lake itself, the view was exceedingly beautiful. The expanse was a clear and noble sheet, reflecting on its calm bosom every hill and mountain of the valley, while to the north (where it unites with San Cristoval) the lakes and horizon are blended. Yet it is singular, that, sounding in the deepest central part of the lake, we obtained but two feet and a half of water! The boatmen poled the entire distance of twelve miles, and on every side we saw fishermen wading along in the lake, pushing their boats as they loaded them with fish, or gathered the 'flies' eggs' from the tall weeds and flags, that are planted in long rows as nests for the insects. These eggs (called *agayacatl*) were a favourite food of the Indians long before the conquest, and, when baked in *patés*, are not unlike the roe of fishes, both in flavour and appearance. After frogs in France, and 'bird nests' in China, I think they may be esteemed quite a delicacy, and I find that they are not despised even at fashionable tables in the capital. Father Gage, at page 111 of his travels, says that 'at one season of the year, the Indians had nets of mail, with which they raked off a certain dust that is bred on the water of the lake of Mexico, and is kneaded together like unto oas of the sea. They gathered much of this and kept it in heaps, and made thereof cakes like unto brick-bats. And they did not only sell this ware in the market, but also sent it abroad to other fairs and markets afar off; and they did eat this meal, with as good a stomach as we eat cheese; yea, and they hold the opinion, that this scum of fitness of the water is the cause that such great number of fowl cometh to the lake, which in the winter season is infinite.' This was written early in the seventeenth century, and 'infinite' still continues to be the number of wild fowl with which these lakes and the neighbouring marshes are covered during the winter. I have elsewhere said, that the plains and the waters seem actually peppered with them. There can of course be but little skill in sporting among such clouds of birds, and the consequence is that they are slain for the market, by persons who rent the best situated shooting-grounds from the proprietors

of the lake margins. The gunners erect a sort of infernal machine, with three tiers of barrels—one, level with the marsh or water, another slightly elevated, and the third at a still greater angle. The lower tier is discharged at the birds while they are sitting, and this of course destroys a multitude; but as some must necessarily escape the first discharge, the second and third tiers are fired in quick succession, and it is rare indeed that a duck avoids the wholesale slaughter. From 125,000 to 200,000 annually load the markets of Mexico, and form the cheapest food of the multitude; but it is rare that you can procure one delicate enough to bring to your table."

A very lamentable account is given of the state of religion in Mexico; the priests and monks are accused of the most degrading vices, and gross deceptions. We select one of the least offensive of such pious frauds, as a specimen of the artifices by which sacerdotal influence is maintained:—

"It is related that Hidalgo, the celebrated priestly leader of the revolutionary movement, was accustomed to travel from village to village preaching a crusade against the Spaniards, and exciting the *Creoles* and Indians; and one of his most effective tricks is said to have been the following. Although he had thrown off the enscock for the military cloak, he wore a figure of the Virgin Mary suspended by a chain around his neck. After haranguing the mob on such occasions, he would suddenly break off, and looking down at his breast, address himself to the holy image after the following fashion:—'Mary! Mother of God! Holy Virgin! Patron of Mexico! behold our country,—behold our wrongs,—behold our sufferings! Dost thou not wish they should be changed? that we should be delivered from our tyrants? that we should be free? that we should slay the *Gauchupines*? that we should kill the Spaniards?' The image had a moveable head fastened to a spring, which he jerked by a cord concealed beneath his coat, and, of course, the Virgin responded with a nod! The effect was immense—and the air was filled with Indian shouts of obedience to the present miracle."

The extent of sacerdotal influence is strongly displayed in the following anecdote:—

"During the heat of the insurrection, it was deemed necessary, upon a certain occasion, to execute a priest; and the officer in command of the party ordered a common soldier to lead the *padre* to a neighbouring ditch, and dispatch him with a bullet. The soldier peremptorily refused, declaring that it was unlawful for him to kill a 'servant of God.' The officer threatened him with instant death if he persisted in his refusal; but the soldier continued firm. The captain then turned to the priest, ordered him to 'receive the confession of the soldier on the spot,' and then sent both to the ditch, where they were murdered together!"

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the boldness and dexterity of the Mexican thieves, several of whom deserve to be ranked as rivals to Lazarrillo de Tormes. But if we are to rely on the statements of Mr. Mayer, dishonesty and profligacy pervade the entire mass of Mexican society; there is nothing pleasing in its present condition, and very little promising in its future prospects.

Mr. Mayer's antiquarian sketches add little to the information previously communicated by Humboldt, Stephens, and others; he intimates, however, that there is yet a vast quantity of Mexican remains never yet opened to Europeans; and we agree with him that much additional research will be requisite before we shall be in a situation to come to any satisfactory conclusions on the various questions raised respecting the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs.

*Religio Medici. Its sequel, Christian Morals.* By Sir Thomas Browne, Kt. M.D. With Resemblant Passages from Cowper's Task, and a Verbal Index. Longman & Co.

THE present, we are told by the editor, is the first correct edition that has been printed of

this quaintly attractive book. A table of errata to the edition of 1643 shows, he observes, that it underwent a nice examination by the author; yet all subsequent editors have overlooked this important table.

It is pleasant after many years, to renew one's acquaintance with an old literary favorite and friend. To enjoy such a work, the reader must be willing to enter dramatically into its scope and design—to see the author in it rather than his subject—to take pleasure in his egotism and sympathize with his idiosyncrasy. Here, then, is a benevolent genial nature, revelling unembarrassed in its own riches, believing and loving for the mere sake of believing and loving, and affecting occasional doubt only by way of relief from the monotony of one prevailing sentiment; uttering its opinions as heresies, and defending its heresies as orthodox dogmas. Nothing is more amusing than such a display of monodramatic character; nothing more delightful than the individuality of it. Every class and section of readers can find something to like and agree with in the *Religio Medici*; and no reader will find anything to quarrel with, when rightly understood, and in relation to the author's personality, unless he be a bigot or a partizan. Those who are disposed to what Sir T. Browne calls "wringy mysteries in divinity," will here receive sufficient encouragement to the exercise of an active faith; and those whose minds are troubled with suspicions and misapprehensions, will here meet with a friend and brother who will freely confess to the same difficulties, and yet demonstrate their consistency and compatibility with the constant possession of a willing belief, so powerful and energetic in its nature and quality, that like Aaron's rod, it swallows them up, and makes nothing of them.

Much grave matter, too, may here be gleaned—thoughts deep as the centre; clear, and pure, and lofty, as the Empyrean—wisdom made visible in the mirror of the universe—cryptic meanings in all apparent chances, that substitute Providence where others would read Fortune, and ascribe "the swing of her wheel" not to the motion of "intelligences," but to "the hand of God" wide-reaching charities, willing to believe all things and so thorough a perception of the soul's immortality, as to predicate no miracle, but the privilege of her own proper nature, for her outliving death. Fancies also of the finest and subtlest vein abound in the mine of this old book; some of them best contemplated in the obscurity of their origin, and others that will bear bringing to the broader light of the present day. How exquisite the author's notion, that he was not so much afraid as ashamed of death!—that we are happier with death, than we should have been without it!—and that to be immortal, we must die daily!—Nor let us idly esteem such sportive phrases as mere verbal clenchings; but appreciate them for thoughtful concatenations such as, in the more favoured hours of meditation, come together in the world of mind, after long wandering about its borders, and are recognized by their parent as brethren, by reason of their unexpected similitude. In the harmony of their welcome, you shall bear the loftiest utterances of truth, and of that philosophy which, by the necessity of its being, is anticipative of all possible science.

Such as this:—

"I believe the world grows near its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation; without which the world hath not its end but its mutation. Now what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its

destruction; those six days so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of the great work in the intellect of God, than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive; for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way; and being written unto man, are delivered not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification."

This, however, is not a book to be quoted, but read. We therefore commend the present edition to the studious reader, protesting only against the list of so-called "resemblant passages," with which it concludes. With one or two exceptions, never perhaps was contrast rather than comparison so prerogative and cardinal.

*The Dabistân, or School of Manners.* Translated from the original Persian, with Notes and Illustrations, by the late David Shea and Anthony Troyer, Esqs. Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee.

Mohsan Fani, the author of the 'Dabistân,' was probably born in Persia about the beginning of the seventeenth century, but at an early age was brought to northern India, where the recent attempts of the Emperor Akbar to found a new creed on the basis of universal toleration, followed by the revival of Mohammedan fanaticism in its worst form, under the auspices of Jehanghîr, Akbar's son and successor, had directed more attention to the diversities of religious belief, than could be found at any other period of Oriental history. Having travelled much and thought more, he resolved to publish an account of all that he had collected respecting the remarkable notions, dogmas, customs, and ceremonies of the twelve religions which had come under his notice, but more especially of the five most influential, Sabæism, or Magianism, Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. "The author," he says, "wished and undertook to write this book, and whatsoever in this work, treating of the religion of different countries, is stated concerning the creed of different sects, has been taken from their books; and for the account of the persons belonging to any particular sect, the author's information was imparted to him by their adherents and sincere friends, and recorded literally, so that no trace of partiality or aversion might be perceived; in short, the writer of these pages performed no more than the task of a translator."

Sir William Jones was the first person who directed attention to the value of the *Dabistân*, and in consequence of his recommendation, some portions of it were translated by Mr. Francis Gladwin, and published in the 'Asiatic Researches.' The recondite learning, the technical phrases of religious ceremony, and some marked peculiarities in the imagery and language of the original, deterred scholars from venturing on so arduous a task, until at length it was undertaken by the late Professor Shea, of Haylebury; a gentleman who loved learning for its own sake, and whose life was an honourable example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Captain Troyer undertook to complete the task which Professor Shea left unfinished; he declares that he "found little to change and much to imitate in Professor Shea's translation, particularly its faithfulness and clearness;" both these qualities mark their joint production, and they are of the highest importance in a work which frequently discusses the

most abstruse questions in metaphysics. The *Dabistân* not only treats of the most difficult points of science and erudition, but also comprises in its allusions and references nearly the whole history of Asia. It is consequently impossible to give an abstract of its contents within reasonable limits; and we shall, therefore, rest satisfied with directing attention to some leading points, more calculated to stimulate than to gratify curiosity.

The first chapter of the work, occupying the whole of the first volume of the English translation, treats of the most ancient dynasties, religious and political institutions of Persia. In examining these, many important questions arise respecting the genuineness and authenticity of the works, which profess to record the creed and institutions of Zoroaster. We must content ourselves with referring to Captain Troyer's learned dissertation on the Zend documents and the Persian translations of them, and take it for granted, that Mohsan Fani has derived from genuine sources the accounts which he gives of the ancient Persian religion, and we thus assume the authenticity of the *Desatîr*, which we must confess is not placed quite beyond the reach of controversy.

According to the *Dabistân*, the most ancient religion of the Persians was founded upon transcendental notions of the Deity. "They believed it impossible," says Mohsan Fani, here following the *Desatîr*, "for man, by the force of intellect, or the energy of spirit, to comprehend the exalted essence of the Almighty and Holy Lord. Entity, unity, identity, or all his divine attributes of knowledge and life, constitute the fountain of his holy essence. He is, in the most comprehensive sense, the paramount omnipotent Lord over all things, whether considered collectively, or in the changes incident to their component parts. All his works and operations are in conformity to his holy will, and works worthy of adoration are as inseparable from his honoured essence, and his other glorious attributes of perfection." In illustration of this idea, the author quotes a distich from Urfi of Shirâz, which says—

Thy essence is able to call into being all that is impossible, Except to create one like thyself.

The self-existent Deity called first into being "the intellectual principle," or "first intelligence," from whom all other spiritual intelligences proceed. Every star, every heavenly sphere, every element, every form of animal life—nay, even the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, have their protecting angels; but the most important of these are "the sons of light," who not only move and govern the celestial orbs, but descend into the elemental regions, to promote and protect the works of God's creation. Human souls are spirits of the upper sphere, to which they return if distinguished for knowledge and sanctity during their period of probation on earth; and the proportion that their good works generically bear to any celestial star, or sphere, determines their locality in the celestial hierarchy, the sun being regarded as the most perfect. The imperfectly good migrate from one body to another until they are finally emancipated from matter; the thoroughly depraved descend from human bodies to those of animals, and even to vegetable and mineral substances.

Here we find the doctrine of the transmigration of souls curiously combined with the Sabæan religion; and the predominance of each star combined with the development of some intellectual or moral quality. The first change made in this creed was rendering peculiar worship to the seven planets, as mediators between God and man; and when this change was made, several sects appear to have arisen, more or less inclining towards Pantheism, or a combination



of the idea of Deity with that of the external universe. It is not necessary to inquire whether Zoroaster first introduced his peculiar articles of faith into the Persian religion, or only developed those which were previously in existence; but the new creed strongly insisted upon the existence of an evil as well as a good principle; promised an incarnation of Deity to deliver the empire of the Good Being from the power of the Wicked One; foretold the destruction of the world by fire, and fixed this universal conflagration as the period of the general resurrection, which is one of the most remarkable doctrines of the Zoroastrian religion. The subsequent corruptions of this faith are then traced historically down to the age of Mazdak, who lived in the fifth century of our era.

We shall not follow Mohsan Fani through his account of Hindûism, because the subject has been much better discussed by European writers; we shall only say, that his history of Nanak, the founder of the Sikhs, confirms the accuracy of the accounts already published by Sir John Malcolm and General Briggs. For the same reason we shall pass over the religion of the Tibetans, which is essentially Buddhistic. The fourth chapter, describing the Jewish religion, is said to have been communicated by a young rabbi, who had been converted to Mohammedanism, and though incomplete, is tolerably accurate. The fifth chapter, which professes to give an account of Christianity, is stated to have been based on the communications of Father Francis (Padri Fransial), a Portuguese missionary in Goa; it is just such an outline of the creed of the Latin Church as a judicious missionary would give to an intelligent Mohammedan. The author's account of his own religion, Islamism, is exceedingly perplexed and confused; he was apparently afraid, on many points, to utter his real sentiments; and there are passages which seem to indicate that he was not a very rigid believer.

The third volume of the translation begins with an account of the Sadikials, said to have been founded by Musaylima, the rival of Mohammed. It is only in the Dabistân that we find any history of this sect, which is usually described as having perished when Musaylima was overthrown and slain by Khaled; with these are connected the Vahedians, or followers of Vahed Mahmud, who lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century; his most remarkable tenet was, that there is an ascending refinement of elemental matter from the brute or mineral to the vegetable form, thence to the animal body, and thence to the rational soul. This is, in substance, the same doctrine which Milton ascribes to the Archangel Raphael when instructing Adam:—

Flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding.

This same notion of "body up to spirit working," as Milton expresses it, has been, to some extent, adopted by Goethe, in a little treatise on botany, translated and published some years ago, and it is singular to find such a theory, without any mutual communication, entertained in the Eastern and Western world. The history of the Rashenians, previously translated by the late Dr. Leyden, exhibits more sound reason, morality, and piety, than we have found in the description of any other Mohammedan sect.

The tenth chapter is the most curious, if not the most interesting, in the work. It contains, in the form of dialogue, the discussions of the professors of different religions in the presence of the emperor Akbar, when that sovereign had resolved to become the founder of a new faith, to be called *Ilahi*, or "the divine." These dia-

logues are remarkable for their boldness, their sincerity, and their point; Mohammedanism is exposed with great severity, and the pointed repartees of opposing sects remind us of some of the sharpest dialogues of Lucian. Akbar's design was, to revive the religion of Zoroaster in a modified form; he was a firm believer in astrology, and according to Mohsan Fani, he borrowed this portion of his creed from Jenghiz Khan, whom he claimed as his ancestor. His object in establishing a new creed was both political and religious; he was the only one of the Delhi emperors who regarded India as his country, and who sought to efface from the memory of the Hindûs that they were a conquered people. He hoped that the adoption of a new and common creed would efface the distinction between the races of conquerors and the conquered, but the task was too mighty for even imperial resources, and his project perished with him.

The eleventh and twelfth chapters are devoted to the religion of philosophers, and of the Sufis, or Mystics; Sir William Jones was of opinion that these were not written by Mohsan Fani, but they exhibit the same admixture of metaphysics with theology which is characteristic of the rest of the work. We find that those who are called philosophers may be regarded as the Rationalists of Mohammedanism; they resolve all supernaturalism into allegory, and some of their interpretations are to the full as whimsical as Townshend's *jeu d'esprit*, which professed to prove that the twelve Caesars typified the signs of the Zodiac.

Sufism is described as a combination of rationalism and mysticism; the author justly observes, that it belongs to no particular religion, and he traces its origin to the speculations of Plato and his followers; he however asserts strongly the necessity of such a system, declaring "Essential is what was said by Abû Nazer Farâbi (may God illumine his grave!), that the common people view their creeds under the form of their imagination." One main object of the author of the Dabistân was, to inculcate the doctrine of religious toleration, and the great moral of his work cannot be better stated than in the words of the epilogue added by Moulavi Nazer Ushruf: "The diversities of religion distributed among nations, according to the exigency of each, are manifestations of the divine light and power; and these various forms by which God's inscrutable essence may be viewed by glimpses, are means of possessing eternal beatitude; whilst here below the acquisition of knowledge is sufficient to insure to mankind the enjoyment of concord, friendship, and agreeable intercourse."

*Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America.* By James J. Jarves. Moxon.

"BEING observations," continues the title-page, "from my note-book during the years 1837—1842." We also perceive, by the same authority, that the observer is an American, who has written a History of the Sandwich Islands; but of his country there could be no doubt after reading half-a-dozen pages of the work before us, which is written somewhat in the true *sea-serpent* style. Grand periods, complacent pleasantries, and new forms of speech, are "tossed about" (as the country boy described the orator's fine language) with republican—we must no longer say royal—profusion. After all, however, there are few things better in these exhausted days, than an American book of travels. Their freshness is fresher than ours, their fustian has a pattern of its own, which is "beautiful exceedingly." To begin almost at the first page,

the description of Honolulu will exhibit the good and the bad of Mr. Jarves's style:—

"The dwelling-houses are chiefly situated within enclosures, a little retired from the street, and are surrounded with small but well cultivated gardens, which give them a rural and cheerful aspect. The soil of Honolulu is light and shallow, resting upon regularly piled strata of coral rock and volcanic cinders, and is formed mostly by the ashes from a neighbouring extinct crater and the débris washed from hills in the rear of the town. When watered, which is done by windmills, it becomes productive. A few years ago, scarcely a tree, with the exception of the tall cocoa-nut groves which border the beach looking seaward, like watchful sentinels over the town, was to be seen within its precincts. Now the scene is widely different. Looking down from Puahi, or Punch-bowl hill, an old crater half a mile back of the town, and of several hundred feet elevation, a pleasing and novel *coup-d'œil* is obtained. Punch-bowl hill obtained its sobriquet in times not quite as temperate as the present; its shape internally is much like a bowl, being a gradual and uniform hollow. Facing the town its sides are steep, and the appearances of lava and other volcanic substances from its base upwards so fresh, that one might readily be pardoned for indulging in some suspicion of its ultimate intentions; for it appears as if nursing its wrath, and ready at any angry moment to belch forth once more its destructive fires. However, further back than Hawaiian traditions run, it has remained quiescent, and its nap does not appear likely to be disturbed; nor does one of the ten thousand inhabitants that nightly repose within its shadow, sleep less quietly for fear of its awakening. It forms so prominent an object in approaching the town, from whatever position, that it may well be taken for the guardian genius of the place. And it could, at small expense, be easily made so. Annually, fires are seen to burst forth from its summit, followed by loud reports and heavy volumes of smoke. They are the pigmy fires of men in honour of men; salutes discharged from sundry enormous thirty-two and forty-two pounders, which in the days of despotism were drawn up its sides and planted on its crest, at a great outlay of human strength and stupidity. A flag-staff—a stone wall—some natural embrasures in the lava rock, a fire-proof straw-built and mud-plastered powder magazine, a few hovels, a dozen ragged urchins, an old crane or two, with as many of the sturdier sex, and a numerous colony of goats, constitute the fortification and garrison. If the battery was properly mounted and secured it would effectually command the harbour and protect the town. At the present time it answers for the more peaceful purpose of a promenade, and the view from all points is well worth the labour of the ascent. Looking inland, the mountains rise gradually until they terminate in abrupt peaks, covered with dense forests, which lie in a region of almost perpetual mist, or showers. Lower down the grass grows luxuriantly, and herds of cattle there graze until nightfall, when they seek shelter in their pens. Seaward the eye roams over the boundless ocean, whose waters line the coral-bound shore with a broad belt of snow-white breakers. Beneath lies the plain, alive with pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of quaint or fashionable appearance; a little farther, the town, with its intermingling of barbarism and civilization, and all its intermediate stages. Its numerous gardens, and its many trees which have been recently planted, give it a rural appearance. The fort, shipping, red-painted roofs, stone churches, spires, look-outs, (for every house of any pretensions has a queer-shaped box or cupola perched near or upon its ridge-pole,) the motion of the arms of the wind-mills, engaged in their everlasting pump—pump, straw hovels, and straw palaces, mud-built walls and mud-built habitations, all combine to form a unique if not harmonious spectacle."

The fort, with its prison groups, is sketched in a like florid fashion. Unfaithful wives, a class disagreeably numerous in the South Sea Islands,—are compelled to labour on the roads with wreaths of flowers in their hair à discretion. This seems an odd mode of punishment. But nothing is odder than the mixture of European costume, and the natural instinct towards the



antique which appears to prevail: unless it be the author's account of the funeral procession of Kinau, the missionary's friend, which, in spite of his attempt to invest it with pomp, reads, we must say, something like a "Bartlemy" pageant.

The passage from Hawaii to Kauai—a favourite summer retreat, because of its coolness—must be an unpleasant business if to be performed on no better terms than by Mr. Jarves—who was sea-sick, and crowded in a very insufficient vessel, among natives in like pleasing predicament. But the island, when reached, is worth the trouble. The scenery is fine and varied; the agriculture flourishing; and we must devote an extract, somewhat of the longest, to a history, which is at once commercially interesting and pleasantly narrated:—

"Some years since, several gentlemen, attracted by the even temperature of the climate, and the rapidity and vigor with which the mulberry plants grew, conceived the idea of establishing a silk plantation. Further experiments having confirmed their design, a spot of land embracing about three hundred acres, was selected and leased for that purpose. It is most delightfully situated, about three miles from the beach, on gently undulating ground, bounded on the southern and western sides by a fine brook, affording valuable mill privileges, and on the opposite by an abrupt range of well-wooded hills, attaining an elevation of two thousand feet. The prospect from these is lovely in the extreme; the eye glances down upon several plantations situated at their feet, with rich, waving fields of sugar cane or mulberry trees, planted in squares, and intersected at regular distances with broad avenues, bordered by banana plants or ornamental trees. Prettily embosomed amid shrubbery or neat gardens, like birds' nests cradled amid bright flowers and green leaves, are the cottages of the superintendents; and near by the thatched houses of the labourers, disposed in regular rows, fronting the roads. Farther off, the white walls of a large church shine conspicuously in the bright sun, a striking contrast to the dingy sides and distillery like look of the boiling-house and sugar-mill. Around these the natives have clustered their rude hamlets, and little patches of cultivated ground; the whole affording a gratifying picture of incipient civilization. The busy passing to and fro of long lines of carts loaded with the sweets of the soil, and the swarms of labourers wielding their hoes amid the fields, animate the scene. The hoary crest of an old crater rises abruptly from the plain near the sea, amid a field of indurated lava, a monument of nature's wrath in former days. A rugged and towering peak, conspicuous above all its brethren, affording an excellent landmark, shoots up in solitary grandeur to the east, while not far from its base, the ocean dashes on the shore in a long line of breakers. \* \* After the land was secured, a large portion of it was immediately planted with the native or black mulberry, which bears but a small leaf, and was the only variety on the islands, (excepting the *morus papyfera*, and a few of the *morus alba*.) at that time. It flourished beautifully, and bore a great quantity of leaves. One, taken from the field at random, of eight months' growth, afforded three and a half pounds of leaves, and in six weeks after it was wholly stripped, it leaved out again, so as not to be distinguished from the rest. So much were the proprietors encouraged thus far, that they imported another variety of the mulberry from China, known as the Canton, which thrived well, and afforded much more food in proportion to its size, some of the leaves measuring eight and ten inches broad, by twelve inches long. They were all planted in hedge-rows, from six to ten feet apart, and two feet apart in the rows, and were allowed to attain a height of from six to eight feet. The ground was kept entirely free from weeds. The Chinese worm was also imported at this time, but fed only in sufficient quantities to preserve a sufficient number of eggs for stock. One of the proprietors embarked for the United States, where he spent eight months in acquiring information in regard to the business, purchasing machinery for reeling, which was intended to be done by steam, and in securing the best varieties of trees and eggs, with a family of

three persons to superintend cocooneries, and to teach the natives to reel. So highly was this enterprise thought of then (1838) in the United States, that the proprietors could have realised an advance of two hundred per cent. on their investment thus far. Even the most sceptical, in regard to the business, could see no obstacle to its success in a climate where the trees gave heavy crops the year round, and the temperature was such as to require but little artificial protection for the worms. Labour and buildings were also exceedingly cheap, it being found that common thatched buildings, such as could be erected at the expense of a few dollars each, would serve both to feed and reel in, thus obviating the heavy expenses required for cocooneries and reeling-houses in less favourable climates. The agent arrived from the United States in the spring of 1839, and found the plantation in a flourishing condition, and well stocked with trees. He brought with him the best varieties of the American worms, including the mammoth white, and yellow, and the pea-nut, also a fine lot of the *morus multicaulis*. These were planted immediately, thrived well, and were so highly esteemed, that cuttings of but two buds each, were sold to others about engaging in the same enterprise, for from one to two dollars the slip. The leaf grew beautifully, thick and heavy, and to a great length, sometimes measuring fourteen inches. Its only advantage, by way of food, appeared to be its size and rapidity of growth. The worms fed with equal avidity upon all the other varieties. It was then concluded to let the black mulberry run out, and to plant the latter in its place. After the first year it was discovered, that if the mulberry was allowed to grow beyond a certain size it withered, and became valueless as food. This was remedied by cutting it down yearly, (the month of January, when vegetation had mostly ceased growing, being the best time). Young and vigorous shoots then shot up, in two or three months, suitable for food. A sufficient quantity of trees being now planted and doing well, it was determined to commence feeding the worms in numbers. The Canton, white and yellow varieties, were first tried, but they formed but small cocoons, of exceedingly fine fibre, which made a beautiful silk, but a large proportion of it was wasted in floss; so much so, that it required many thousands more to form a pound of silk, than the American variety, and it was found impossible to make them profitable. The American eggs were then exposed. No one had doubted but they would hatch with the greatest readiness; though in good order, they hatched but a few at a time, from four or five to as many hundred a day, and none on some days. It was thought that the eggs from these would become acclimated, and this irregularity cease; but it proved worse than before. Some of the eggs hatched in ten days from the time they were laid, while others would not in as many months. Every experiment, by way of artificial heat, freezing, wearing them next to the person, and other methods, were tried, but all in vain. It was discovered that they needed a winter, and many were packed up in bottles, and sent upon the neighbouring mountains to remain several months. Their height being but four or five thousand feet, did not produce the requisite temperature, and from their being imperfectly packed, most of them decayed. Those that hatched formed beautiful fine cocoons, with but little floss, averaging about four thousand to the pound of raw silk. The experiment was now tried of crossing the American breed with the Chinese, and with the greatest success. Two varieties of cocoons were produced, inclining more to the American than the Chinese, one of a deep orange colour, the other of a delicate straw colour. These answered admirably, requiring from five to seven thousand to the pound of raw silk. They reeled with the greatest ease, so much so that native women, with but few days' instruction, could turn off from one half to three fourths of a pound daily. Their eggs hatched again in from fifteen to twenty days, and came to maturity in twenty-four, and continued to do so for upwards of a year, without degenerating in quality. It was attempted to cross this breed again with the pure American, but the worms resulting therefrom were found to have so many of the characteristics of the American, as to be of little use. It was now thought, (the spring of 1840,) that every difficulty was overcome, and a profitable business would soon

make amends for previous delays and losses. But the proprietors, after expending most of their funds in thus getting under way, were doomed to disappointment. A drought set in, such as had not been known before since the missionaries first resided upon the islands, twenty years since. The trees which had been so flourishing withered under its influence, and, at the same time, a species of aphides, or wood louse, much like the chiton shell in appearance, attached itself to them, speedily covering every limb and leaf upon them. What juices were left by the drought were soon exhausted by those parasites, and the trees became lifeless and leafless. The crops of worms which had commenced feeding, by hundreds of thousands, were obliged to be thrown away, and thus a season's labour was lost, while a heavy expense was incurred. In addition to this, a species of spider of a plump, many coloured body, of the size of a chestnut, added their ravages to the other destroyers by attaching themselves, by millions, to the young trees, by means of a firm, hard web, through which it was quite difficult to make one's way."

In 1841, continues Mr. Jarves, the proprietors relinquished the undertaking, and have since betaken themselves to cultivating the sugar-cane.

Other less serviceable insects—if the natives are to be believed—(which we are told is not the case) have been the objects of deliberate importation into the Sandwich Islands:—

"Waimen, according to native tradition, claims the honour of being the first landing-place of fleas. Their introduction was after the following manner. A woman, as was customary then, having gone off to a vessel at anchor in the roads, received from her lover, upon her return, a bottle tightly corked, which he told her contained valuable *waiwai* (property,) and that she must not open it until she reached the shore. She obeyed his instructions, and overjoyed with her acquisition, hastened to show it to her friends. Having assembled them all, the bottle was uncorked with the greatest care, and looking in, they beheld nothing. The nimble prisoners had all hopped out, and soon gave being to a countless progeny, that have gone on ever since, hopping and biting with undiminished zeal."

Here is a curiosity of another race, bottled in spirits, too, by our lively American: the guide Mr. Jarves found from Koloa:—

"Imagine, if possible, a middle-sized, athletic native, with long, jet black hair, no two curls of which lay in the same direction, and eyes, quick, fiery, and wandering. His head fancifully decorated with a wreath of forest leaves and flowers, while a necklace of vegetable stalks encircles his neck. His pantaloons, made of *tapa*, once whole, but now hanging in tatters above his knees, a red-flannel shirt completing his wardrobe. This he calls *tapa maikai*, (good cloth,) in distinction to the frail material which graces his nether members, which was *ale maikai*, (no good.) A few miles through a bushy road, aided by his eccentric deviations, soon lessened the difference between them, and both pants and shirt would have answered for signal pennants to the Flying Dutchman. An iron ramrod, the sole relic of his former profession, dangled, *en militaire*, in his right hand. He had formerly belonged to the army, but for some mad caper, his chief had discharged him. Such is an outline of the being who presented himself as a guide. Entirely fearless of danger, quick in his movements, careless of fatigue, and an excellent caterer, he proved himself a valuable servant. In addition to all these qualifications, he was at intervals crazy, and his whole conduct was a complete explication of savage eccentricity. He was mounted, *sans saddle*, upon a small, well-built horse, between which and his master, a constant state of warfare existed. As often as the huge iron spur, which was bound to the foot of the guide, came in contact with the horse's ribs, his heels described a semicircle in the air, while with his head he made desperate attempts to bite the rider's naked limbs. Four times did the obstinate brute cause his rider to perform as many flying somersets, 'high in mid air,' before he was mastered. It was laughable to witness the contest which took place between the wild horse, and his yet wilder rider, as he rode furiously over the plain, with his gay-coloured garments waving in streamers from his back. In horseman-

ship he was equal to a Bedouin Arab, or a circus-rider. While crossing a stream, he would throw himself flat upon the horse's back, at right angles with his head, and drink, without delaying his progress. His nights were mostly spent in singing and praying; his enemies always coming in for a large share of the latter."

With a guide like the above; and such delectable and useful followers as the boys Nobody and Sunshine, and the man "stuttering Jem," who had learned his infirmity, he said, in America—there was enough to keep the most quick-witted and keen-sighted of travellers on the alert. In their keeping we must leave Mr. Jarvis for the present. The most interesting passage of his Polynesian rambles, a visit to the stupendous volcanoes of the island, has yet to be spoken of;—and this we shall take an early opportunity of doing.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Tables, &c., calculated from a New Rate of Mortality*, by Jenkin Jones, Actuary of the National Mercantile Assurance Office.—Some years ago, the actuaries of several life offices resolved to combine the experience of their several offices, and to form a new table of the mortality prevailing among assured lives. The Amicable Society had already published its own experience, and the Equitable Society had followed the example: that is, these two societies had distributed their printed tables so widely, as to amount to publication. The actuaries did not publish, but confined themselves to giving printed copies of the results to all the offices which subscribed towards the expenses, and to the Equitable and Amicable Societies, whose experience (already published) they incorporated with their own. At first, we thought this resembled an attempt to keep the real experience of the offices a secret of the trade; but on reflecting that nobody could know better than the actuaries themselves that any one of their number might, and probably some one would, immediately publish sets of annuity tables for use, derived from their experience, we concluded that their plan was simply that which they judged most likely to cover expenses. They intrusted the details (and an irksome job it must have been, comprising the arrangement and use of the events of more than sixty thousand policies) to a committee, who appear to have put their gratuitous shoulders to the work like good workmen. Mr. Jenkin Jones is the brother of Mr. David Jones, whose large work on annuities we noticed some time ago (No. 804). His part in this volume has been the deduction of a large quantity of money results from "the actuaries' table," and explanation of their use. His tables are well planned and put together, ample for all that concerns one life only; and, though not so luxurious in the matter of two lives as those of his brother (which are enormous), quite enough for ordinary use, and more than enough for one purpose with which those concerned will look at them with interest—namely, the comparison of the actuaries' tables with the old ones in their money results. The method of valuing policies by aid of two subsidiary tables is, we think, new, and very effective. The total result of the English insured lives gives a table very much resembling the Carlisle, with a somewhat higher mortality at advanced ages. The following comparison of the values of a life annuity of 1,000*l.*, money making three per cent., will illustrate this:—

Age.	Actuaries'.	Carlisle.
10	£23,356	£23,512
20	21,797	21,694
30	19,754	19,556
40	17,125	17,143
50	13,820	14,303
60	10,132	10,491
70	6,685	7,123
80	3,799	4,365
90	1,516	2,499

But it appears that, in *Irish* insured lives, the mortality actually experienced by the offices has been considerably greater than on English lives. Of persons who insure at the age of forty, the average Englishman has four years more of life in him than the average Irishman. "If report speaks true," says Mr. Jenkin Jones, "some of the cheap offices do a very extensive *Irish* business." We hope not: low premiums on Irish lives would make a Flemish account.

*The Pearl of Peristan; or the Last of the Magi, a Poem*, by George Alder.—Mr. Alder, is twenty years too late, in the choice of his themes; and would, we suspect, be always some years too soon, whatever themes he might choose. His subject is of a class worn out, by use—and having no longer, even if such had not been the case, "spells to conjure with,"—inasmuch as all its spirits have been disenchanted by the marvels of modern invention, and the march of modern mind. His tale is one of Eastern fairy-land; and gems and meteors crowd its pages—not one of which will, now-a-days, be taken for a diamond or a star. The perfumes of which he has laid in so heavy a stock, are all faded, and the sweetmeats dried up. That he is, besides, far from perspicuous, need not be insisted on as a fault of any consequence; since nobody will try to make him out. It has been well asked, why no one takes the spirit of our own age for its fitting muse? Not but that we should desire to hear her speak by a more powerful interpreter than Mr. Alder; he is not the man to render the poetry of the steam-engine. It is a great mistake which has pretended to draw a line between the real and the poetical. Poetry is only interesting when it embodies general truths—and felt to be most so, when it brings us face to face with practical ones, in existing forms. This was always the case; but is more so than ever, in our positive age—which, because it is positive, is more practical than it has yet learned to believe itself. We live in days when "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"—but when the sympathies are less perfect than of old for fairy-land. Coarse names, with hard, real meanings, knock at men's hearts (and are answered), who will not listen to the flutter of the Peri's silver wings. A 'Song of the Shirt' will draw off an audience from any singer who tells a tale of Peristan. The world thinks—and prides itself on thinking—that it is unpoetical. A pride of the kind might go far to justify itself; to thank the gods for not having made us poetical, might seem the best proof that there is true cause for such thankfulness. Still, the world is mistaken. The age is ripe for a great poet; and, if he shall arise, there is a mighty harvest for his reaping. They are not poets who cannot see the meanings of the world as it now is—look into its heart, with all the new readings which time has taught it, and all the new senses that have awakened and apprehended all the new utterances by which it speaks. Dreamers of dreams—and pleasant ones—they may be; but not prophets. But our speculations are leading us far away from Peristan. Of Mr. Alder's poem all the good that can—and as much ill as need—has been said: a want of originality is its worst offence; and a facility of versification its best recommendation.

*The Silent Village, a Poem, with Notes*, by T. Clarke.—This is a didactic poem expressive of the author's meditations in a village churchyard by moonlight; but they are not all of a solemn character. The author has a satiric vein, which perhaps is a little out of place in such an argument. He might perhaps do better, if he would take more pains, and bridle the licence in which he too much indulges. Attached to the volume is a poem called 'Erotophuses' published in 1840, favourably received, it appears, by the Reviewers, but the sale of which was interrupted by the failure of the publishers. We hope the *Athenæum* was not among the reviews referred to; for if so, we are disposed to recant and apologize.

*Geology for Beginners*, by G. F. Richardson; second edition.—When we noticed the first edition of this book, we were not aware of the appearance of a second, in which the author has judiciously abstained from borrowing cuts and quotations without acknowledgment. The volume is greatly enlarged, but we see no reason to change the opinion we formerly expressed of its plan and execution.

*Parnaso Italiano*.—A substantial volume of 1100 pages, published by M. Baudry.—It contains the works of Parini, Casti, Monti, Manzoni, Grossi, Pellico, Leopardi, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Arici, Mamiani, Niccolini, Carrer, Vittorelli, Berchet, Marchetti, Baldacchini, Borghi, Della Valle, Ricci, Romani, Tommaseo, Sestini, and numerous miscellaneous pieces, old and new, by the sons and daughters of Italian song, with a preliminary dissertation.

*List of New Books*.—The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, complete in 36 vols. 8s. 6d. 9s. 10s.—The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. XXXVIII. 'Travels of Marco Polo, with Notes by Hugh Murray, Esq. 8s. 6d. The Biblical Student's Assistant, with an Index of 4000 texts of Scripture by eminent Divines, by Clericus, royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. —Naboth the Jezreelite, and other Poems, by Anne Finlaid, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—A Complete Series of Latin Reports, from the Earliest Record to the Year 1800, Part 1. 'Shower's Reports,' by Butt and Hughes, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Der Blaubei, ein Märchen in Fünf Akten von L. Tieck, with Translation of difficult Passages, &c. by H. Apell, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Northern Courts of Medicine, No. 1. 1s. 6d. swd.—The Speaker; or, Miscellaneous Pieces selected from the best English Writers, by W. Edmond, new edit., 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Bonnycauld's Introduction to Algebra, 18th edit., by Samuel Maynard, 12mo. 4s. bd.—Habershon's Historical Exposition of the Revelation of St. John, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. cl.—Tennant's Sermons at Florence, 8vo. 16s. cl.—The Catholic Doctrine of Redemption Vindicated, by A. Marshall, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Lectures on the World before the Flood, by Rev. C. Burton, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—The Pulpit Cyclopædia, Vol. II., post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Christian Ethics, by Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., 4th edit., 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Lectures delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, by John Foster, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the present time, by T. Stephen, Vol. II., 8vo. 12s. cl.—Catherwood's Views of Ancient Monuments in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, with descriptive letter-press, by J. L. Stephens, 4to. elephant folio 5s. 5s. hf. bd.—Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. VII., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Companion to the most celebrated private Galleries of Art in London, by Mrs. Jameson, 1 vol. 8vo. 15s. cl.—The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell, by Captain Jesse, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. cl.—Seeds of Knowledge and Pretty Poetry for Children, square, 2s. 6d. cl.—The Records of Israel, by Grace Agallier, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Constable's System of Elocution, 12mo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Foreign Agriculture, 'Economy of Farming,' 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Columba's Primitive Church, with introduction, by Neander, 12mo. 6s. cl.—The Mysteries of Paris, translated by Town, royal 8vo. 6s. cl.—A Brief Description of the Characters of Minerals, by E. J. Chapman, 12mo. 4s. cl.—The National French Grammar, by G. J. Bertinckamp, 2nd edit., royal 18mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Cook on the Law of Defamation, with Forms, &c., 12mo. 14s. cl.—Hiel Morvan, or the Court and Camp of Henry V., by W. S. Browning, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Johnson's Tour in Ireland, royal 12mo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Tidd Pratt's Law relating to Highways, 4th edit., 12mo. 6s. bds.—Collins's Teacher's Companion, 3rd edit., 8vo. 4s. cl.—Egyptian History from the Earliest Records, by Miss Leonard, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Sir Walter Scott's Poetry, Vol. V., 8vo. 5s. cl.—Dunn's History of the Oregon Territory, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Mrs. London's Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden, 3rd edit., 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Dante, translated by Rev. H. F. Cary, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Modern Atlas of the Earth, with letter-press, by Mudie, 4to. 1l. 12s. 6d. hf. bd., or without letter-press, 1l. 12s. bd.—Butler's Hudibras, with Notes, by Nash, new edit., 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Procter's History of Italy, medium 8vo. 6s. swd.—The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, by J. Payne Collier, 8 vols., 4l. 10s.—The English Fireside, by John Mills, Esq., 3 vols., post 8vo. 1l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Dehret's General History of Great Britain and Ireland, revised, corrected, and continued to the Present Time, by Henry Colles, Esq., 8vo. 1l. 10s. hf. bd.

#### DR. WOLFF'S JOURNAL.

By the kindness of Capt. Grover we are enabled to present our readers with the following abstract of Dr. Wolff's manuscript journal, detailing his proceedings since he started from Southampton on the 14th of October, in the *Iberia*. There were twenty-three passengers on board, among them "the Lady Augusta Paget, who was proceeding to Gibraltar, and became a subscriber to the Stoddart and Conolly Fund." On the 20th of October Dr. Wolff reached Gibraltar, where Archdeacon Burrow received him with great cordiality, and expressed a deep interest in his enterprise. The Bishop of Gibraltar had left a few weeks before, and returned to Malta. Of his lordship Dr. Wolff speaks in terms of high commendation.

Dr. Wolff arrived at Malta on the 26th of October. Here he saw his old friend, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, "who," he says, "wept for joy, and the dear old man gave me 20*l.* as a subscription." He then called on the Bishop of Gibraltar, who gave him letters of introduction and recommendation to Athens and Constantinople. His good impression of his lordship seems to have been confirmed by this interview; and he expresses a hope "that the Archbishop will consign to his lordship's episcopal care all the English residents in Alexandria, Cairo, Beyroot, Damascus, Jaffa, Aleppo, and Chaldean, for Malta is the best place to proceed from to all those places."

Dr. Wolff's reception, both at Athens and Smyrna, was gratifying. "On the 29th of October (he writes, in a letter dated Constantinople, November 9, 1845) we arrived at the Piræus, the port of Athens. Sir James Stirling sent Capt. Fowler in a boat to the *Iberia*, asking for letters. I immediately inquired whether any tidings had reached Athens about Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly? Capt. Fowler knew im-



mediately by the question that my name was Wolff. He told me none, except the report of Saleh Mohammed, and my intended journey into Bokhara for the very purpose of inquiring into their fate."

On the 30th of October, Dr. Wolff breakfasted with Sir Edmund Lyons, the British ambassador at Athens, through whom he obtained an introduction to the King and Queen of Greece. He had a conversation with the King, which lasted an hour. His Majesty expressed a lively interest in the fate of Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly, and also questioned him about the state of Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity in those countries where he had travelled. "After this (he proceeds) Madame B——, her Greek Majesty's lady in waiting, a niece of my old friend the great Count Friedrich Leopold Stolberg, presented me to her Majesty: a most lovely, beautiful, graceful, intelligent woman she is indeed! I had also with her a conversation of considerable length." At Constantinople Dr. Wolff found "the greatest sympathy with his object." The various reports which here reached him as to the fate of Messrs. Conolly and Stoddart we long since published. The interest in his mission continued to increase, and the assistance of Sir Stratford Canning was freely rendered. At Trebizond a subscription was collected of four thousand four hundred piastres, to which the Russian and French consuls, and some British merchants were subscribers, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Dr. Wolff's journey from that place to Erzeroom. From this point the correspondence increases in general interest. The following is extracted from a letter dated Erzeroom, December 12, 1843:—

"As I had a letter from M. Ghersi, the Austrian and Russian consul at Trebizond, for a wealthy Armenian, Arrakel Chibukci-oglu (the son of the pipe-maker) by name, I took up my lodgings with him, where I also met the Armenian archbishop, a well-informed gentleman, who was very glad to make the acquaintance of "Mr. Wolff" of whom he had heard so much. There are in that place 200 Armenians, 200 Mussulmans, 400 Greeks, and 8 Catholic Armenians. The Armenians have one church and the Greeks four churches. The Armenians lamented that their schoolmaster had just left them, and that they were without a school at present, but the Archbishop wrote for one to Constantinople. The Archbishop of Gumushkané is also Archbishop of Trebizond, and his net income amounts annually to the vast sum of eighty dollars, i. e. 16*l.* sterling. I left Gumushkané on Monday the 4th of December, and recrossing the river before the town, took a more easterly direction through a valley surrounded by a line of mountains and rocks. After some hours' ride the country acquired a more pleasant appearance; it was covered with verdure, and goats ran about in the plain. We slept that night at a miserable khan, called Murad Khan Oglu, and the next day we arrived in the afternoon in a village called Balahor, for which place I had a letter from the Archbishop of Gumushkané, for the Armenian called Stepan, who received me hospitably in his house with a round top, as most houses in Armenia are, but exceedingly dark; the poor man was, however, very kind. On the 6th of December we arrived at Bayboud, surrounded by high and bare mountains; a rapid stream runs through the place; contains 400 Mussulmans and 100 Armenians, and has six mosques and one church. As I had a letter from Mourjee Oglu Stepan, to an Armenian merchant, I was hospitably received by him, and the Armenian priests also called. A place of quarantine is also established there, where the Turks and others who come from the interior of Turkey are obliged to undergo the quarantine for nine days. An Italian physician, Luigi Ercolani by name, was placed over it; he called on me, and I found him to be well versed in Italian literature, and, as a Roman by birth, well acquainted with the distinguished characters of that city; he seemed also to be well informed in his profession. I also had the visit of an Armenian, Hadjee Ambar by name: when he entered the room all rose, for he had only arrived five months ago from Jerusalem; he spoke kindly of Bishop Alexander and the rest of the English there, and the account of the state of Jerusalem was rather gratifying. The Armenians live in peace there, not disturbed or opposed by the Turks, and Zacharias War-

depet is their patriarch. He told me that he accompanied Alexander to Bethlehem!

"December 7.—We arrived in the village *Kob*, whence the Tatar was obliged to take two men to carry me safely over the mountains, covered with snow, for two hours. I paid the poor people fourteen piastres. You must also be aware that I am now a more wretched horseman than I ever was before, so that Dr. Casolani and Mr. Stevens, the vice-consul of Trebizond, found it expedient to send with me a Turk, Omar by name, who always walked near my horse; an excellent fellow he was. When the horse stumbled in the least and I cried out, he immediately took hold of the rein and exclaimed, "Saray yok! Beyk Zadeh! (no danger, son of the Bey!)" We then arrived, after seven hours from *Kob*, at a village called *Ashkaleh*, where one crosses for the first time the western Euphrates, called in Turkish *Kara Soo*, black water; near Diadeen the eastern Euphrates flows, called *Moorad*; these two streams unite near *Keban Modem*, where they are called *Frat*. At *Ashkaleh* I found again three dervishes from Bokhara which they left four months ago. I asked them whether they had seen at Bokhara some English travellers. *Bokharalee*: "Yes; and it was reported for some time that they had been killed, but there was no truth in it; but one of them came from *Kokan*, with whom the King of Bokhara was angry, believing that he did assist the King of *Kokan*, and therefore put both the tall and short Englishman into prison, but let them out after some time, and they now teach the soldiers of Bokhara the European *nijam*." I recommended these *Bokharalees* to Mr. Stevens, at Trebizond, and requested him to send them in a steamer to the British ambassador at Constantinople.

"On the 9th of December 1843, I arrived at *Elidjeh*; a mineral bath is to be found there. A Turk asked me whether the *Baliuz* (consul) of the English nation, was not the "Ingila Kral Oglu," the son of the King of England. This question at least was so far satisfactory, that it showed that our consul was respected at Erzeroom, and thus I found it also to be the case, for on my arrival at Erzeroom, the Turkish inhabitants of Erzeroom, who thirteen years ago looked upon an European with contempt, saluted me kindly, and many walked with me to the house of the British consul, my old kind friend and host, James Brant, Esq., who resided thirteen years ago at Trebizond; he received me with his usual straightforward and cordial hospitality, and delivered me letters from my dear Georgiana. He informed me that several of the English residents at Erzeroom wished me to administer to them the sacrament, on the day following, the 10th of December. You will have learnt that there is now a dispute between the Turks and Persians, with regard to the frontier, and the Koords, British, Russian, Turkish, and Persian commissioners were therefore sent here to settle the affair."

December 16.—"As the road from Erzeroom to Tabreez is covered with snow, Mr. Brant, the British consul, Col. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and the Hon. Mr. Curzon, are most kindly furnishing me with a suit of winter clothing, boots, &c., for the journey, so that I shall not be able to set out from Erzeroom for Tabreez before next Wednesday, the 20th of December, when I shall leave Erzeroom early in the morning. The commissioner of the King of Persia has also furnished me with letters of introduction to his friends on the frontier of Persia and at Tabreez. *Mirza Takel* (this is the name of the commissioner) knew me at Tabreez, and was aware that I took with me from Persia, *Mirza Ibrahim* to England, and that he is now Professor of the Persian language at the E. I. College, Haileybury."

A tremendous snow-fall prevented Dr. Wolff from starting until the 26th of December. Before he left, he circulated in Erzeroom a Turkish translation of his *Call to the Mussulman Nation*, which was published in *Galigani* and the *Morning Herald*. Another translation of it had been made into the Persian tongue. "The spirit of the inhabitants of Erzeroom (he tells us) has been considerably changed for the better—formerly no European could have gone out in his European dress; now a European is respected. The streets have improved, and the commerce between Turkey and Persia has considerably increased."

On the 26th of December—"The weather began to settle, and caravans (says Dr. Wolff) set out

from Erzeroom for Tabreez again, so that hardened the road a little, which was covered with snow. Col. Williams therefore brought the winter clothing which he had got made for me, and said "Now you may proceed on your journey for the sake of doing what you can for my fellow officers at Bokhara!" *Kannit*, pasha of Erzeroom, sent to me 1080 piastres necessary for the horses and bakhshesh on the road as far as *Etwajik*, the first place on the frontier belonging to Persia. An unknown friend sent, through Mr. Stevens, the British vice-consul of Trebizond, other 500 piastres as subscription to "the Conolly and Stoddart Fund." So that you will be kind enough to add that to the 4,500 piastres which the friends of Trebizond, though unsolicited, contributed towards my journey."

"On the 27th of December I left the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Brant, the British vice-consul of Erzeroom. Two fine stirring caresses of the Pasha, (to whom I was ordered by the Pasha most particularly not to give a farthing, as he would pay them himself) were in readiness outside the British consulate, on horseback, smoking their pipes. Col. Williams had come on horseback to the consulate with one of his servants. I then mounted my horse—and so did my Servian servant Michael, crossing himself and calling on the Virgin and St. George for protection, and did not forget also St. Nicolas the patron saint of Servia. The snow was still so deep, that I wanted to go on foot, but Col. Williams said to me in a commanding voice, "Never go down from your horse, for as long as you see that it (pointing to the horse before me) will be able to carry your baggage, yours will also be able to carry you! and besides this, imagine that you have behind you the people of Muhammed Kerahe of Torbad, driving you on with their whips!" I therefore obeyed. Col. Williams accompanied me to a distance of six miles, just to the spot where, eight days before my departure, a French physician and ten muleteers had perished in the snow, and then Col. Williams dismounted his horse, gave me to drink a glass of Tenedos wine, and himself drank my health, shook hands cordially with me, and returned to Erzeroom, and I continued my journey, accompanied by the above-mentioned caresses, one mile further to a village called *Konuguk*, where we slept in the stable of a kind-hearted Turk; but the stables in Turkey have elevations made for travellers, where he is not exposed to the danger of being kicked by the horses, and which elevated places are pretty clean. A good pilau was brought in the evening. In the morning, as soon as the sun began to dawn, we rose, and continued our journey, but the snow was still so high that I certainly would have followed the bent of my inclination, and walked on foot, if Col. Williams had not made me promise not to go down from my horse as long as I saw that my other horse was able to carry my baggage. I therefore looked at my other horse, and perceiving that it waded, though with difficulty, through the snow, I remained firm, and thus we arrived that day six miles distant at a place called *Hassan Kalch*, where we again resided with a Turk."

We hope next week to continue our extracts from this interesting journal.

#### MODERN POETS.

If I trouble you with a reply to BETA's Second Blast of the Trumpet, my apology must rest, firstly, in my conviction of your willingness to allow fair play to any "counsel for the accused," however unworthy; and secondly, in the fact that it is in your power, as ruler of the lists in the present passage-of-arms, to throw down, at any moment, your editorial warder, and stop the controversy when you or your readers grow tired of it.

I shall not trespass on the columns of the *Athenæum*, by attempting to reason Beta into respect and admiration for the poetry of Tennyson, or Keats, or Shelley, or Wordsworth. If he does not "choose to cry" over the May Queen, or to glow with emotion over the Locksley Hall, and its glorious prophecies, I have certainly no expectation of forcing him to do so, by any criticism or argument of mine; nor do I know of any law in the British statute-books, by which exhausted men of business can be compelled to "think" after a hard day's work, if they do not think it is good for them. Perfectly agreeing with



Beta in the belief that "if the throbbing heart does not instinctively recognize the presence of noble elements in poetry," the best arguments in the world would be thrown away in the attempt to demonstrate their presence, I shall not detain you by special vindication from Beta's attack on that beautiful passage with which I ventured to decorate my poor paragraphs, hoping that therein I presented a more worthy and effectual defence of my cause, than any words of mine could convey. Allow me only to suggest, for the credit of Beta's taste, which I persist in believing a far better one than his judgment of this passage appears to manifest—that his sentence was written in consistent pursuance of his own favourite plan—reading (and writing?) without thinking. Nor yet shall I do more than mention the burst of wrath, two columns in length, with which Beta has thought it necessary to answer one short sentence concerning Byron.\* *He* (Beta) may think himself called upon to stigmatize as "nonsense" the finest thoughts and expressions which do not happen to belong to his own favourite school; but I, for my part, do not feel "moved in the spirit" to give up, for the sake of any party or system, the privilege of honouring, admiring, and sympathizing with the great mind which produced "Childe Harold," "Manfred," "Cain," and the exquisite "mystery" of "Heaven and Earth." While I see and maintain the evil tendencies of certain principles in poetry, I do not think myself bound, by partisanship, to deny the power which a colossal genius possesses, of investing even those principles with a lurid glory and beauty of their own, dazzling and fascinating enough. Besides, the genuine "hero-worship" expressed in Beta's outburst, might of itself command respect and forbearance, even if paid at a less rich and tempting shrine.

But the real question at issue is one whose importance to Art and Literature can hardly, I think, be overrated. It is this: "Whether the great object of Poetry, *par excellence*, be indeed to 'excite the passions?'" Against this doctrine, as against a principle most pernicious to the healthy development of the poetic spirit in any form, I must here and everywhere, earnestly, even if ineffectually, protest. "Excite the passions!" The strife of party and the war of sects can do that; the petty cares, and vexations, and jarring discords of the world, can do that; the fears, and desires, and prejudices, and jealousies of selfishness and ambition can do that; the paltriest pursuits of Avarice, the most contemptible struggles of Vanity, can do that; and often far more effectually, far more powerfully, than the finer and subtler agencies of Poetry. "Excite the passions!" Would you degrade the power of poetry into a coarse intoxicating stimulus, fit only to keep the torpid faculties of blockheads awake, to put a little savour into the insipid enjoyments of the worldling, or to relieve by excitement the aching vacuity of an idle and unprofitable life? Such a demand, if it were to be made at all, should, for consistency's sake, have come from those who, passing their days in a vacant succession of frivolous attempts at pleasure, might naturally crave that stimulus of passionate excitement which "the sweet poison of misused" genius alone can afford, as a relief to the intolerable sense of weariness. But certainly such a demand was not to be expected from one accustomed to the healthy exhilaration of active pursuits—to the enjoyment of those perennial fireproof pleasures called employments (if Beta will allow the German Saxonism); to one, in short, of the "working aristocracy" of England. Is the tendency of active, prosperous, engrossing social life, towards *lethargy* or *torpor* then, that the medicine its tendencies above all things require, is not a calming and elevating of the soul, but an excitement of the passions? I, for one, will not believe it of the powerful and important class to which Beta appears to belong: nay, I will not believe it of Beta himself. Whatever he may do or say to prove the contrary, I persist—guided to my conclusion by certain of his own honest, earnest words—in believing him above the need of having his passions excited to keep his faculties awake and his duties palatable. I persist in believing that in him, as in every soul truly open to the blessed influences of poetry, the fire of emotion needs no artificial feeding, but needs and shall receive, from all that

nobly touches and claims kindred with it, that clearing, elevating, and guiding influence—that emancipation from the petty barriers of self—and that expansion in the generous atmosphere of a more and more universal sympathy, which it is eminently the right and the duty of the poet to bestow.

As for this demand for excitement, however disguised, however apparently refined in its object, it is not only intrinsically unworthy, unhealthy, and dangerous in its nature, but tends to increase its own evils in a terrible compound ratio. Passion is, as its name implies, *passive* emotion; and tends, therefore, to perpetual increase of its first demands. For habit (as Bishop Butler, I believe, first discovered and taught) is, like the electric fluid, of two kinds—active and passive—and the tendencies of these two kinds of habit are directly opposite. As the Will strengthens instead of enfeebling itself by exercise, all habits which require its exercise—which are, in a word, active—do, instead of wearing out, acquire, with use, an additional zest and energy; whereas habit weakens and destroys the power and flavour of *passive* emotions, and they require a perpetual increase of impetus to keep up their original degree of strength. The love of excitement, evidently a passive emotion, is, as daily experience alone might suffice to convince us, incapable of maintaining itself upon regular allowance. It grows by what it feeds on. In proportion as its demands are satisfied, do they increase. I need not enlarge upon the evil, the fatal nature of such a tendency to the reading class; and to the writing class do we not already see its consequences, in the pages even of that "glorious Dickens," who, according to Beta, "exalts and purifies as much as Shakspeare" (!) Far be it from me to underrate the power and genius of this truly great writer; but I cannot observe without sorrow, and without a feeling very much like disgust, the unhealthy stimulants by which alone he can now satisfy the craving for excitement which his unnatural diet of spices has nourished in his readers. A Ralph Nickleby, a Squeers, a Sykes, a Fagin—these were, at least, *human*; but a Quilp, a Dennis, a Jonas Chuzzlewit—what are they? How long will this last? The present composition, seasoned with parricide and suicide, will go down, but very soon no human imagination will be able to conjure up horrors and devils black enough to prevent the banquet from growing "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable." The "exalting and purifying" influence of *such* fare, is, to me, more than questionable. But how is this to be counteracted? Would I require poetry to *give up* its mastery over the passions? Would I attempt to close up the beautiful streams of pathos and sublimity welling for ever from its sacred fountains, when the scalding tears and throbbing hearts of thousands confess their overpowering might and greatness, for fear they might call up an unhealthy appetite for passive emotion? As soon put out the sun, for fear his warmth should draw up poisonous vapours from the marshes. But I would bid the poet not to stop at the arousing of the passions in his readers; not to think the awakening of passive emotion either his only or his highest object. I would assure him that human passion needed not his creating or arousing; that in all but the coldest and dullest natures there was always a most abundant stock of it on hand, which needed rather to be calmed, and directed, and purified, than to be lashed into blinder or wilder fury; needed to have its noisy turbulence hushed into awe and reverence by the sceptre-wand of genius, in order that the still small voices of all human and divine wisdom might make themselves heard by the panting soul within. Above all, I would bid him check and counteract the encroaching tendencies of *passive* emotion, by making it no longer passive but *active*; by sharing with his readers the glory of exertion and the triumph of victory—in one word, by making them *think*!

But Beta will not think: he protests that he does not like it—that it does him no good—and that he will not do so any more. Certainly a free Briton may "do what he likes with his own," whether it be his funds or his tears. Ye deceitful "philosophic poets," to whom Beta, throwing himself after a hard day's work, into his easy chair, and, calling for his slippers and his poetry, hath opened his heart and his pockets so often, ye are hereby accused and convicted of having not in the slightest degree excited

his passions; nay, of having even here and there, by cunning artifices, for which his unsuspecting innocents were wholly unprepared, induced him to—*think*! Black treason to the majesty of exhausted men of business! But henceforth Beta will be deceived no more! He warns you to be gone, and announces to you, and us, and all whom it may concern, that he likes excitement, and can pay for it. Hear it and rejoice! ye "hungry generations" of Parnassus; hear it and tremble! ye critic-recluses, unworldly hermits of the editor's room, wherever, in the present republic of letters, such *rara avis* may be found!

Yes, the critics have reason to tremble for their authority, when to their turbulent lieges, the *literati*, is announced the cause—Buyers v. Reviewers. Solid pudding versus empty praise! Popularity, profit, patronage, versus "paragraphs in the leading periodicals." Truly Beta is on the safe side of the argument. No doubt "new readings" are gratifying things, but how far more gratifying are "new readers!" It is something, O critics, to be "studied," but to be bought and paid for! Poets of England! Beta is an unanswerable man!

Yes, indeed, if poetry could come at the call either of pudding or of praise; if the poet could take his brief from the highest bidder, and produce according to the demand of the most profitable patron; then would Vanity and Avarice have a hard fight of it. But it is not so. Poets of England! if that high title you in any respect deserve, Buyers and Reviewers, their demands, their prejudices, their outcries, their likings and dislikings, you shall equally and entirely defy. You shall know that if to you has been vouchsafed the smallest spark of that divine fire called Genius, you are bound to employ it, not for cooking their foolish dainties or your own, but for enlightening with it, and guiding with it, through the misty wildernesses of doubt and error and prejudice and ignorance, the benighted souls of men. You shall know that whatsoever grand Possibility appears to you, the very noblest, wisest, and loftiest object, to which the individual or the race can aspire, it is for you, by the elevating, the ennobling, and the directing of men's feelings and thoughts, to render that object easier, nearer, and surer. Choose your own tools—not those of Buyers and Reviewers. Be content, if need be, with a moderate degree of power over men, so it be of the right sort and rightly used; so it be a power for blessing, not for cursing. To you—if, indeed, you are true prophets, not impostors—must Buyers and Reviewers, with all their partialities and prejudices, likings and dislikings, come round at last, and grace, as captive kings, your final triumph.

Und so wird die Zeit bebogen,  
Endlich unter's Joch gebogen,  
Muss des Weisen Kraft vermehren.

For with them—with the poets themselves alone—it rests, after all, to refute the outcries of their accusers; if the power, the genius, the inspiration, be not in them, in vain will critics study and coteries applaud. With them alone it rests to prove that Thought is not incompatible with Feeling; that it is no part of the poet's duty, and no proof of his genius, to mistake means for ends—the momentary gratification *through* which he works for the lasting improvement for which he works; and that it is his duty, not to satisfy a foolish demand in his readers, but gradually to raise their demands to his own standard; not to speak as they fancy and assert that he ought to speak—could they know that, they were the poets, not he—but as his own genius, honestly questioned, tells him it is fittest, wisest, and worthiest he should speak.

But there is one part of Beta's advice which it certainly behoves the poets of our time seriously to attend to; in which I heartily sympathize with Beta, and for which I heartily thank him. It is in the attention and study he calls upon our poets to bestow upon the wants, and tendencies, and efforts of practical life. For indeed—to close this hasty and imperfect reply with a few wise words from the earnest pages of the great Thinker of New England—the true poet "will feel that the richest romance, the noblest fiction that was ever woven, the heart and soul of beauty, lie enclosed in human life. Itself of surpassing value, it is also the richest material for his creations. How shall he know its secrets of tenderness, of terror, of will, and of fate? How can he catch and keep the strain of upper music that peals from it?"

\* "Sigma's witty friend," whose sentence is certainly not more witty than it is strictly and sadly true, is, let me assure Beta no other than the world's witty friend—Macaulay.

Its laws are concealed under the details of daily actions. All action is an experiment upon them. He must bear his share of the common load. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books. His needs, appetites, affections, talents, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful mysteries of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not know, out of his own beating bosom, its sweet and its smart? Out of love and out of hatred; out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings, and losses, out of sickness and pain; out of wooing and worshipping; out of disgrace and contempt; out of travelling, and voting, and watching, and caring; comes our tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not slur his lesson—let him learn it well by heart. Let him endeavour exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him, and this by punctual action, and not by promises and dreams.”—*Sigma.*

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Government suppression of Art-Unions has excited, as might have been expected, a great sensation. Some one or other of the morning papers, we understand, claims credit for having been the first to announce their illegality. We most sincerely wish that the fact had been so, for it would have saved us from a great deal of anxious controversy, and much ill-will, public and private. But the legality or illegality of these institutions is, after all, but a surface objection: ours lies deeper. How often, from the first and since, have we prophesied their doom, for we felt that either their absurd lottery schemes must be put down, or true and genuine Art be fatally prejudiced! Before, indeed, any plan of the sort could work well, the public mind must be better educated than it is at present. The supposition that it can be so educated by such means is the hallucination only of dull minds, affecting enthusiasm for things beyond their sphere, or the fabrication of interested tradesmen, who care not how they ruin Art, so that they fill their pockets. Only by the study of the highest excellence can a true taste be generated; not by the distribution of pictures painted down to vulgar appreciation, and of electrotype engravings necessarily inferior in texture. Besides, the evil example of such Unions has been spreading in all directions. Our readers must have observed an advertisement lately, and still repeated, notwithstanding the Government notice, of a Literary Union, on the plan of the Art-Unions. The temerity of this is to be admired. Neither literature nor art, however, can, we repeat, be benefited by any such paltry expedients. We have always argued the question on principle, and by principle we still and shall ever abide. So marked too and prominent have been our efforts in this matter, that we have incurred especial and long-continued annoyance in consequence, from those interested in upholding the popular delusion. It is probable that the stir now making will ultimately be productive of benefit; at any rate, it gives rise to discussion. To-day we perceive that a general meeting of artists at Willis's Rooms is advertised by “the Council of the Institute of the Fine Arts,” to be held, with T. Wyse, Esq. M.P. in the chair, to consider the measures to be adopted. We advise them to try back altogether; to depend, as of old, on the capacity of true genius to create true taste for its appreciation, and not by impatient and unwise contrivances to snatch furtively at a success which has not been fairly earned.

Letters have reached Capt. Grover, from Dr. Wolff, which possess more than common interest, from the probability that they are the last which for some time will be transmitted. They are dated Teheran, the 12th of February. The Doctor had been received with great distinction by the King of Persia, who recollected having met him at Meshed twelve years ago, when he was Prince Royal. The Doctor rode on horseback, in full canonicals, accompanied by Colonel Shiel, in his uniform, going to and returning from the Court. He then visited the ambassador, recently arrived from Bokhara, who “denied in toto the fact of the execution of our friends.” The ambassador and *attachés* rose when he entered the room, and treated him with the greatest civility and respect. The ambassador expressed a strong desire to accompany Dr. Wolff to Bokhara. The Doctor was to leave Teheran on the

14th of February, accompanied by an escort ordered by the king. He takes with him Rajah, who had been servant to both Stoddard and Conolly. “Whilst I beg you (says the Doctor,) not to be too sanguine of my success, I also beg you not to despair of it, as all the Persians I have hitherto seen tell me, *Malloos neest*—nothing is certain about it. You must not henceforth expect from me an exact and detailed journal; for I shall neither carry ink nor paper with me, and I shall write to you in Persian from Bokhara, in case Stoddard and Conolly should be alive, and send the letters through the medium of the Ameer. Should they not be alive I shall not write at all, until I have left the frontier of Bokhara.” Col. Shiel's exertions have been unremitting.—For some interesting extracts from Dr. Wolff's Journal we refer our readers to another part of our paper.

The following letter relates to some recent discoveries in the Tuscan Maremma.

Ash Grove, Hackney, April 19th 1844.

In a tour I have recently made to the sites of some of the ancient cities of Etruria, I passed through the small town of Magliano in the Tuscan Maremma, where, inquiring for antiquities, I learned that an ancient city had recently been discovered in the neighbourhood. It was brought to light in a singular manner. In cutting a road through the low ground between Magliano and the sea, some blocks of large size were found below the surface, and the engineer charged with the formation of the road, perceiving them to be the foundation of walls, and being in want of rocky materials for his road, continued to unearth them, following their line till he had traced the entire circuit of the city. This he ascertained to be about six miles in circumference. He was not aware of its peculiar character; but that it had been a genuine Etruscan city, I had abundant proofs, in the size and form of the blocks composing its walls, a few of which were still entire—in various articles found within the city—and especially in the tombs excavated in its neighbourhood, which have yielded Etruscan pottery and bronzes, and a few of which have Etruscan paintings on the walls. I could perceive no Roman remains within the city; which fact seems to mark it as having ceased to exist before, or at, the period of the Roman conquest of this part of Etruria. It is difficult to believe that a city situated at so short a distance from the sea, and of such an extent—one of the largest of Etruscan cities, not inferior in size to Veii or Volterra, could have been passed over in silence by the writers of antiquity; but it is equally difficult to pronounce which of the Etruscan cities whose sites are yet undetermined, this can be. I hazard the conjecture that it may be the long-lost Vetulonia, “once,” as Silius Italicus informs us, “the glory of the Etruscans,” which first gave to Rome the twelve lictors with their fasces, the curule chair, and the purple robe of state. There are several facts which favour my opinion; but whatever name it bore, it must have been a city of great importance, in the early history of Italy. I have already given information of this discovery to the Archaeological Institute of Rome, and hope that further researches will solve the mystery that hangs over this long-forgotten city.

I am, &c. GEORGE DENNIS.

We understand that the geological collection of the late Mr. R. Bakewell, the author of ‘The Introduction to Geology,’ and other esteemed works on the science, will be disposed of by auction, in the course of next month. There are in the collection many interesting organic remains which were purchased by Mr. Bakewell at the sale of Faujas Saint-Fond; and numerous rocks and minerals collected in Auvergne by Mr. Bakewell, who was the first British geologist that published an account of that remarkable volcanic district of Central France.

## Closing of the present Exhibition.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, May the 11th.

—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

N.B. The Gallery will be re-opened early in June, with a selection of pictures by Ancient Masters, and Deceased British Artists.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS OPEN their TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, on MONDAY NEXT, the 22nd inst., at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, FALL MALL, next the British Institution. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, a splendid new painting, and other important works, by John Martin, Esq., R.L., are now on View at Mr. Atherstone's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket (next door to the Theatre). Open from Ten till Five.

Admission One Shilling.

## MUSIC OF GERMANY.

Without extra Charge to the Public, at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The Directors have engaged Mr. C. E. HORN, to deliver a SERIES of LECTURES on the MUSIC of EIGHT different NATIONS. The MUSIC of GERMANY commences on the 25th inst., at eight o'clock in the Evening, and will be continued during the week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Eight o'clock; and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three o'clock, with VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS. All the other LECTURES and EXHIBITIONS as usual. LONGBOTTOM'S PHYSIOSCOPE and OPAQUE MICROSCOPE, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 3.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.

The following papers were read:—

‘On the Traces of the Action of Glaciers at Porth Treiddyn, in Caernarvonshire,’ by Mr. R. W. Byres.—The author notices a number of evidences of glacial action, instances of rounded, polished, furrowed, and striated rocks in the neighbourhood of Tremadoc, similar to those observed in several localities around Snowdon by the Rev. Dr. Buckland.

‘On the occurrence of Fossils in the Boulder Clay,’ by Mr. R. Harkness.—Fossils are rare in the boulder clay, and are only found in the thicker parts of it. Such portions the author considers as having been deposited in a deep sea, the lower parts of which had a temperature sufficiently warm for the support of organized beings. In the thicker beds the boulders are rounded and polished. Such parts of the clay as are free from fossils, and contain angular boulders, Mr. Harkness considers to indicate the former existence of a shallow sea, with a temperature so cold as to prevent the existence of animal life. Fossiliferous localities occur in the boulder clay of the south-western parts of Lancashire, where the marl abounds with remains of shells, mostly in a fragmentary state.

A letter was read from Dr. Owen Rees on the question of the existence of Fluoric Acid in recent Bones, which the experiments of Dr. Rees would go to disprove. The bones examined by him were tested both before and after calcination, but in no case could he detect the least trace of fluoric acid in recent human bone. In fossil bones it exists in large proportions.

April 17.—The President in the chair.

‘Observations on the Geology of the Southern Part of the Gulf of Smyrna and the Promontory of Karabournoo,’ by Lieut. T. Spratt, R.N.—The author takes up the geology of the neighbourhood of Smyrna at the point where the observations of Messrs. Strickland and Hamilton terminate, and gives a detailed account of the schists and limestones of Mount Corax and Cape Karabournoo, and of the extensive fresh-water tertiary formation which borders them on the sea coast, and is continued into several of the neighbouring islands. He notices the presence of igneous rocks of two distinct ages—viz. serpentine, older than the tertiary, and trapp, which had been erupted after the deposition of the tertiary, greatly disturbing, and in places overflowing it. His observations prove the existence at a former period of a great fresh-water lake in the eastern part of the Archipelago, where now there is a deep sea.

‘Note on the Fossils found in the Tertiary Formations, described in the preceding paper,’ by the Curator.—An examination of the fossils found in the fresh-water beds, described by Lieut. Spratt, shows that formation to have been deposited during the eocene period.

‘On the Remains of Fishes found by Mr. Kaye and Mr. Cunliffe in the Pondicherry Beds,’ by Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart. M.P.—In this paper the author describes fourteen species, mostly new, twelve of which belong to the placoid order, one is a ganoid, and one a cycloid fish. Among them is *Corax pristodontus*, identical with the Maestricht species. From the evidence afforded by the examination of these fishes, Sir Philip Egerton takes the same view of the age of the beds which was inferred by Prof. E. Forbes from the invertebrate remains, considering them as belonging to the cretaceous era, though he is inclined to place them higher in the series.

‘On the occurrence of a Bed of Septaria containing Fresh-water Shells, in the series of the Plastic



Clay at New Cross, Kent,' by Mr. Warburton, M.P. Pres. G.S.—The bed described does not form a continuous stratum, but occurs with interruptions and intervals in the condition of septaria, which contain remains of shells of the genera *Paludina* and *Unio*. A section of the locality, showing the position of the bed, was made by Mr. Simms. In France similar associations of fresh-water remains have been noticed in the plastic clay series by M. D'Archiac.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—April 22.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President in the chair, W. Cubitt, Esq. and J. Fuller, Esq., having been elected members, the Foreign Secretary proceeded to read that part of the late Dr. Forbes's journal, which contained the notes made in the last part of his journey, which was terminated by his assassination. From Toorbut Hydura, about sixty geographical miles a little east of south of Mashed, Imaum Riza or Toos, this journey furnishes a new route, and determines the position of several places not previously found in our maps; its course is generally south-east, and the traveller's notes terminate abruptly in the neighbourhood of Kulla Laush, a few days only before the author's lamented end. He passed through Goonabad, Toon, and Tubbus, to Bheerjoon, towns or villages of some size in the hilly tract which separates the desert of Khorasan from that of Seestan. Leaving Toorbut on the 7th of June 1841, and crossing Fahnund, Junjuly, Hyderabad, he reached Roshunawan on the ninth, having crossed some hills of moderate height, and intermediate valleys or plains ill supplied with water, but generally fertile where irrigation can be obtained. On the 10th of June he reached Delooed, the chief village in Goonabad, about 105 miles from Mashed, and carrying on some trade in fruits, silk, and cotton; Kaukh on a rising ground, with two good mosques, and having a large trade in opium, is the capital of a considerable district. To the south-east of this there is a higher chain of hills, running apparently from north-west to south-east, on the summit of which is found a remarkable pool of mineral water called Toorshaut (sour water is the translation). At Nokab about twenty-two miles west of Kagen, Dr. Forbes reached the tract in which saffron is largely cultivated. On the 16th of June he reached Bheerjoon, one of the chief places in this part of Khorasan, where carpets of a good quality are manufactured. Here he was well received, and recommended to proceed through Toorbut and Tubbus, to Laush, the former he reached on the 20th of June, and found it to be, though formidable to the Persians, who have little or no artillery, incapable of resisting a European force. The castle of Tubbus, another of their most renowned strong holds, is in a similar condition. On the 22nd of June, he reached Deruk or Deruhoo, a place which can furnish 300 hardy and brave foot-soldiers. After a very fatiguing journey through what was nearly a salt desert, he took up his quarters on the 25th of June, in the dry bed of the Heroot (or Herat) river, also called Adrusund, the Furiah Road of our maps, not far from Laush, the capital of that district, and residence of the chief, who after a very hospitable and friendly reception, deliberately shot his unfortunate guest a few days after he reached that place.

**STATISTICAL SOCIETY.**—April 15.—Mr. Tooke, V.P., in the chair.—Amongst the papers read were 1. 'Observations on the late Report of the Census Commissioners in Ireland,' by Mr. Hallam; 2. 'An Examination of the Returns made by the various Railway Companies of the United Kingdom, with respect to their Traffic during the Year ending 30th June 1843,' by Mr. Porter, Treasurer of the Society.—Mr. Hallam having calculated the mean average of matrimony in Ireland, from the table in the Appendix to the Report, has ascertained that with men it is about the 27th, and with women about the 23rd year of life, which is corrective of that table. Further errors in the report were pointed out, the result of considerable research. From Mr. Porter's paper we glean the following facts: The returns for 1843, of 53 lines of railway, of which 41 are in England and Wales, 10 in Scotland, and 2 in Ireland, demonstrate that there were conveyed of passengers of the first class, 4,223,249, of the second class 10,968,061, of the third class 6,429,225; and that, with reference to the divisions

of the kingdom, the proportions were, for England and Wales, of passengers of the first class 3,882,171, of the second class 8,951,070, of the third class 4,060,321; for Scotland, of the first class 245,757, of the second class 877,055, of the third class 1,529,717; for Ireland, of the first class 95,321, of the second class 1,139,936, of the third class 839,187. The money received from the whole was 3,063,032*l.*, and the average charge to each passenger, in England and Wales, of the first class was 82*d.* of the second class 31*d.*, of the third class 19*d.*; in Scotland, of the first class 40*d.*, of the second class 16*d.*, of the third class 9*d.*; in Ireland, of the first class 10*d.*, of the second class 7*d.*, of the third class 5*d.* The great difference that exists between the average fares paid in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is occasioned by the greater length of the English lines of railway beyond those of Scotland and Ireland, and the greater length of the Scottish lines beyond those of Ireland. In the short period between 1838 and 1841, Mr. Porter states the amount of railway travelling throughout the kingdom to have been quadrupled. The amount of receipts from 63 railways, for 1843, for the conveyance of carriages, horses, cattle, minerals, and general merchandise, was in England and Wales 1,303,291*l.*, in Scotland 104,839, in Ireland 6,802*l.* The average cost per mile, of the various railways in England, has been 31,522*l.*, in Scotland 22,165*l.*, and in Ireland 22,187*l.* Mr. Porter concluded his paper by drawing a comparison of the working of our railways with those of Belgium, the only country in Europe, besides our own, in which such works have hitherto been carried on as a system, and where the results have been published. At the end of 1842 there were in operation, in that kingdom, 282 miles of railways, the average cost of constructing which was 17,120*l.* per mile—about half the cost in this kingdom. This difference results from a variety of causes. In the first place, the works being undertaken by the Government, there were no expensive parliamentary contests; no opposing interests to be bought off; no unreasonable compensations to be paid for land; and, from the nature of the country, there were comparatively few engineering difficulties to be overcome. Besides these circumstances, there has been much present saving effected in the manner of executing the works, which have been performed in a less perfect manner than would satisfy the magnificent ideas of an English engineer. The number of passengers conveyed along the various lines in Belgium, in 1842, was 2,724,104, there being, in Belgium, of the first class 9 per cent., of the second class 25 per cent., of the third class 66 per cent.; whereas, in the United Kingdom, the per-centage was for the first class 19, the second class 51, the third class 30. The receipts for passengers were, in Belgium, *l.* 4*d.* for a distance of 19 miles, against 2*s.* 2*d.* in the United Kingdom, for a distance of 13*½* miles.

**MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.**—April 17.—J.S. Bowerbank, Esq., in the chair.—A paper by J. Quekett, Esq., 'On some phenomena connected with the movement of the Cilia in the Common Mussel (*Mytilus edulis*). After some observations on the nature of ciliary movement, and on the various opinions of former observers respecting it, Mr. Quekett stated that in the common mussel the cilia occur in the branchiae or gills, which are four in number, two on each side, situated between the lobes of the mantle. Each layer consists of rays of vessels running parallel to each other, like the teeth of a comb, and the cilia are situated on the margin of each ray. The observations in the paper relate more particularly to the motion of the cilia on the sides of the inner layer of the gill ray. If one of these rays be placed with the inner, and consequently the concave, side of the cilia uppermost, each column will be found to present, besides the usual curved motion in a vertical plane, another slight but yet important movement on itself in a direction nearly at right angles to the preceding, which motion is analogous to the movement of the quills in the wings of birds, or, to use a more familiar example, the feathering of the oar in rowing. In order to observe this movement in the most satisfactory manner, the motion of the cilia should have nearly stopped, then if we examine that part of the cilia attached to the gill, which may be termed the root, with a power of at least 400, this peculiar mo-

tion will be easily perceived. Mr. Quekett considers that the propulsion in one direction of the fluid, acted on by the movement of the cilia, is chiefly effected by this peculiar arrangement.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—March 19.—V. Hellyer, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. E. Solly delivered a lecture on the chemistry of vegetation, and its application to agriculture. This discourse commenced by a short sketch of the general nature of organic matter, describing the composition of plants, the conditions necessary to their growth, and the sources whence they derive the substances which constitute their food. Mr. Solly pointed out the cause of the exhaustion of soils, and described the various methods adopted to restore fertility, giving a sketch of the principal substances employed as manures, and the principles on which their action depends. After phosphorus, alkalis, &c., were treated of, attention was drawn to sulphur, an element existing in most plants, especially of those which formed the food of animals. Mr. Solly stated from experiments, that sulphuretted hydrogen, so far from being poisonous to plants, was, when in small quantities, conducive to their vigour and luxuriance. Very conclusive experiments were then exhibited to prove that solid substances, in such minute quantities as to evade all chemical tests, were occasionally suspended in the air. Thus the steam, arising from a strong boiling solution of carbonate of soda, was proved by the yellow colour it conferred on flame, to contain a notable quantity of the solid salt. The manner in which fixed substances derive volatility from their combination with volatile substances, was illustrated by visible white flocks of phosphoric acid, which had risen in vapour when heated with sal-ammoniac. Mr. Solly then called attention to the enormous extent to which artificial manures are adulterated. He mentioned an instance where an article contained only one thirty-third part of the salt for which it was sold. He proceeded to refer to the experiments which he had made on manures at the Horticultural Gardens, and which are published in the Horticultural Transactions. He dwelt on the probable effects of muriate of lime, to increase the retentive power of the soil for moisture, and suggested that this salt might be effectual in hastening the growth of turnips beyond the period at which they are attacked by the fly. The last subject brought forward was one of considerable interest, and involving speculations of a very singular nature. Mr. Solly drew attention to the remarkable fact that the fossil bones of extinct animals contain a considerable quantity of fluoride of calcium; thus the bones of the Colossochelys, or great tortoise, discovered in the Himalaya Mountains by Messrs. Falconer and Cautley, contain eleven per cent. of fluoride of calcium; whilst recent bones on the other hand are found to contain little or no fluoride of calcium. It is reasonable to suppose that the earthy matter constituting the bones of these extinct animals was originally derived from plants? and hence the interesting question—Whence comes this fluoride? It might be supposed that the fluoride had passed into the substance of the bone by some subsequent process. It might be supposed that the plants on which the animals fed contained fluoride of calcium; or lastly, it might possibly be, that some nearer relation existed between phosphorus and fluorine than we were yet acquainted with; and it was not impossible that the one might be converted into the other: this was mentioned merely as a curious speculation—possible, though perhaps not probable. In the meantime it was interesting to observe the action of fluoride of calcium in growing plants; and accordingly experiments had been instituted, the result of which, as far as they could be ascertained at this early period, seemed to favour the conclusion that the fluoride was absorbed, and therefore that it might possibly, to some extent, supply the place of phosphate of lime in plants. Mr. Solly concluded with some general remarks on the progress of Agricultural Chemistry, and the probable results of its future study; expressing a regret that many are so sanguine as to the immediate benefits to be derived from it, that they can hardly fail to be disappointed by the results, as the latter will inevitably fall short of their expectations.



## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Nov. British Architects, 8, P.M.  
 Zoological Society, 1.—Anniversary.  
 Tues. Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of the Method employed for repairing a chimney 120 feet high, at Messrs. Cowen's Colton Mills, Glasgow, by J. Colthurst, Grad. Inst. C.E.—  
 'Experimental Researches into the Properties of the Iron ores of Samakoff, in Turkey, and the hematite ores of Cumberland, with a view to determine the best means for reducing them into the cast and malleable state,' by W. Fairbairn, M. Inst. C.E.—Description of a pair of Iron Lock-gates, constructed in 1845, for the entrance of the Wet Dock at Montrose, by J. Leslie, M. Inst. C.E.  
 Wed. Horticultural Society, 1.—Anniversary.  
 Geological Society, half-past 8.—  
 Society of Arts, half-past 8.—On Railway Reform both in Construction and Management, the former by the Secretary, the latter by Mr. Galt.—Robinson's Drying Machine will be shown in operation.  
 Thurs. Royal Society, half-past 8.—  
 Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.  
 Society of Antiquaries, 8.  
 Fri. Botanical Society, 8.  
 Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Dr. Carpenter 'On the Application of the Microscope to Geological research.'

## FINE ARTS

## THE DUTCH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

[From the Introduction to Sir Robert Peel's Collection, in Mrs. Jameson's forthcoming volume.]

THE collection of Sir Robert Peel has been formed entirely by himself, and is distinguished, in some respects, from all other private collections with which I am acquainted. It is as if the owner had intended to comprise within the smallest space the largest possible amount of excellence and beauty and invested wealth. With the exception of about twenty portraits of the English school, and two *chefs-d'œuvre* by Rubens, all the pictures are of one school and one age—the Dutch school, properly so called, and by painters of the seventeenth century; all are cabinet pictures; each is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its class and style. Not only there is not one mediocre picture in the collection, but there is not one which is not of celebrity and first rate. The collection is strictly *private*. All these exquisite little wonders are hung in the family sitting-room, thus fulfilling their original purpose and destination, which is that of familiar and domestic companionship. If from our book or our needlework we raise our eyes, and they fall on a soft evening scene of Cuyp or Adrian Vander Velde, with cattle ruminating in the quiet sunshine; or on that deep-shaded nook (11), amid embowering foliage, reflected in the transparent pool, with wild fowl sporting amid the sedgy banks; or that interior (25), with its home-felt, heart-felt reality—with what a placid smile we dwell upon it, and on its familiar beauty! But let it be one of the divine creations of Italian art—one of Michael Angelo's prophets or sibyls, or St. Michael trampling down the Evil Spirit, or the dead Redeemer in his mother's arms, to which we raise our eyes—and directly the space we share with it seems too confined for its greatness—it is

"A presence that disturbs us with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts."

It makes common life commonplace. The proper situation for such pictures is not the drawing-room or library, but the palace, the gallery, the church.

The Dutch school of art will ever be the most popular, because it appeals to the popular sources of sympathy and wonder. Everybody has sympathy for the concerns of every-day existence—for the elegant repose of the lady at her toilet—for the joyous revelry of peasant life. Every one has wonder for the excellence addressed to the eye. The subjects are within the range of common intelligence: and the execution, the miraculous skill of the workmanship, excites in the mind the same kind of admiration, mingled with a sense of amusement, with which we view some performance of magic or sleight of hand of which we perceive the result, while the means are beyond our comprehension. Yet, were these the only or the greatest merits of the Dutch school, they would hardly afford to the cultivated taste and thoughtful mind the pleasure they do really bestow. Under some points of view, they address themselves to the higher faculties of reflection and imagination. If their aim be lower than that of the poetical Italians, they have far oftener attained it. How seldom do the best Italian masters completely satisfy us!—their highest and happiest productions are suggestive of the glorious and beautiful—they seldom embody it. There are, perhaps, twenty first-rate Italian pictures in existence, wherein the artist has accomplished his own object, and these have been for centuries, and will be for centuries longer, beyond the reach of individuals. To possess them is the proud prerogative of nations

and sovereigns. On the other hand, there are, perhaps, a thousand Dutch pictures, in which the artist has achieved the perfection at which he aimed, which leave nothing for the most fastidious critic to censure or to desire; and these, though seldom in the market, as it is called, are yet, by various accidents, transferred from one owner to another, and every one who resolves to pay a certain price may hope to possess them. To form such a collection of Italian pictures as Sir Robert Peel has here collected of the Dutch school—pictures bearing the same relative rank and value—perfect and matchless in their kind—would be, I apprehend, a thing impossible.

It must be remembered, that in one department of art the Dutch painters may fairly compete with those of Italy; in landscape, they originated a school as poetical, as various, as elegant, as true to nature, and as pure in taste, and every way as admirable, as the greatest of the schools of Italy, with the merit of being altogether different.

The Dutch landscape painters of the seventeenth century may be divided into two classes. In the first, we place the painters of home and rural scenery—Cuyp, Hobbema, Ruysdaal, Van Goyen, Wynants, Philip Koningh, Artois, Dekkar, Hackert, Moucheron, Vander Neer, Adrian Vander Velde, Isaac v. Ostade, and Paul Potter. In the second class we place the painters of fancy and foreign scenery—Paul Brill, Poelenberg, Breemberg, Jan Both, Pynaker, Berghem, Karel du Jardin, Wouvermanns, Weenix, Lingelbach, Zachtleven, Milé, Swanevelt; and Van Bloemen, called Orizonte.

The first mentioned painters passed their lives almost wholly in their own country, in such obscurity and uneventful tranquillity, that to hunt out the dates of their birth and death has been matter of difficulty; and of many of them, not even so much is known; their works, with their signature and a few dates on pictures, comprising all the evidence that they have lived. The number of their productions, and the wonderful care and diligence and finish with which they are executed, prove their unremitting industry. Of the three greatest among them, Cuyp, Hobbema, and Ruysdaal, it may be said that they lived in perpetual communion with nature. They did not merely observe, or imitate nature, or dress her up in this or that garb, Arcadian or Italian, to please their fancy; but with a deep sympathy and love, they wooed her in simplicity of heart till she unfolded to them the mystery of her loveliness, and showed them that in her every aspect, every form, every hue, every passing cloud, in every morn, or noon, or night, or dewy eve, there is poetry to him who feels it. Cuyp painted only the locality of his own neighbourhood, the canals and pastures round the city of Dort; these he represented under every change of the seasons, as they revolved; but he delighted principally in the effects of a warm summer evening, with barges gliding along the sun-illuminated rivers, or herdsmen and milkmaids tending cattle in the open pastures. Hobbema painted amid the secluded forest scenery of Guelderland, where the little Dutch hamlets lie buried amid embowering trees. His shades to the ear of fancy are musical with bees and birds. He paints foliage with such an exquisite lightness; he conveys with such truth the feeling of shade and shelter under a hot noontide sun, here and there piercing the intermingled boughs, that one of his pictures in a room would create a summer in the heart of winter, and seclusion and peace in the crowded din of a city. Ruysdaal was endowed with a more excitable and melancholy temperament; and it must have been characteristic of the man, as he has revealed himself in his works, that while so many of his countrymen and contemporaries were hurrying to Italy, he went to Norway, and wandered there alone. If Hobbema paints retirement, Ruysdaal paints solitude; and he revelled in gloom, as Cuyp in sunshine: his skies are grey and threatening; the autumn winds sigh through the trees, or the cold dewy spring mornings have a chill in their freshness. He gives us, too, sea storms and Norwegian precipices, with the wild catamarcs "leaping like Bacchanals from rock to rock," and the woodcutters' huts, or little church with its slight wooden spire, seen amid the rocky heights or beyond the tufted and tangled dell. Adrian Vander Velde, just the reverse of Ruysdaal in every respect, wanders from the homestead and farm-yard to the flat beach, with its sandy

expanse, and the grey northern sea weltering to the shore, and gives us every variety of the peasant's and the fisherman's life. Paul Potter has varied his landscapes, which are indeed but backgrounds to his groups of cattle, with such life and air, and cloud and sunshine, and soft receding distance, or grassy verdure, that we feel, too, the intense love of truth and nature to which he sacrificed his young life.\* Hackert painted the woods near the Hague; Vander Neer, moonlights: all the others the wide fertile plains, the village scenery, the rivers and canals and shores of their own country; to which limited and monotonous subjects they gave, by mere force of truth and feeling, an inexpressible charm.

The second class of painters studied in Italy, and many of them passed the greater part of their lives in that country. There was in the middle of the 17th century a colony of Dutch painters at Rome, (as there is now a colony of German painters) who exercised no inconsiderable influence on the Italian artists of that period. Some of them studied and composed from the nature around them, as Jan Both and Pynaker, Milé, Swanevelt, Lingelbach. Others give us scenes and groups which can scarcely be said to belong to any nature or any country, (brought from some conventional fantastic Arcadia,) or scenic camps and battles, and hunting and hawking subjects, which, exquisitely brilliant, elegant, fanciful as they are, seldom convey the feeling either of general or individual truth, and are more or less mannered—such are Breemberg, Poelenberg, Berghem, Karel du Jardin, and Wouvermanns.

We know something more of the latter class, the Italianized Dutch artists, than of the former, but still very little. It appears that Rubens and Rembrandt exercised a strong influence over all; that Abraham Bloemart and Paul Brill originated the Italianized school, and that Van Goyen and Wynants, among the earliest painters of home scenery, formed many scholars. Wynants was remarkable for his exact attention to the details of nature, and his elegant facility of pencil, qualities which he imparted to his most distinguished pupils, A. Vander Velde and Philip Wouvermanns.

The earliest Dutch marine painter of eminence was Cornelius Vroom, who began his life as a bad painter of history; but being accidentally wrecked on the coast of Portugal, he painted a representation of the tempest of such excellence and truth, that it determined the future direction of his genius. The eminent men who succeeded him were formed by him, or by his pupil, Vlieger. The latter was the master of Wilhelm Vander Velde, as yet unexcelled as a painter of sea pieces; and, in truth, it is difficult to conceive, without a critical examination, the poetry, the grace, the picturesque movement, with which this most charming painter has varied and animated such subjects. Backhuysen is scarcely inferior in effects of breezy, agitated skies and water; but in giving the calm, the lucid transparency of the morning or evening on the ocean surface, softly trembling in light, and studded over with vessels, in every variety of attitude, Vander Velde is unapproached by him or any other—as wonderful as he is delightful.

A volume, and a very amusing volume, might be written on the Dutch painters. No pictures require such exact descriptions to distinguish one from another, or afford in description so little satisfaction; yet in themselves, when well considered, they are full of characteristic variety. These artists did not imitate each other, and, except in very few cases of father and son, no two painted alike. This *individuality* is a principal source of the pleasure they bestow on a true lover of art in all its forms.

## THORWALDSEN'S WORKS AT MUNICH.

A fellow-correspondent (*ante*, p. 338) observes that "in enumerating the finest works of Thorwaldsen you make no mention of that splendid composition, the tomb of Eugene Beauharnais." Perhaps you omitted this tomb on the ground that it could not justly rank among his finest works, such as "The Triumph of Alexander," &c.; an opinion which the subjoined memoranda, written at Munich some years since, seem to repudiate by anticipation, like the Irish echo whose response always came first. Perhaps you will think them worth their room, either to sustain your verdict, or make some amends for your omission,

\* He died of consumption, at the age of 39.

or because the subject possesses present interest. The memorial to Prince Eugene, embellishes St. Michael's church, formerly the Jesuits', and deserves a more pompous title than "tomb," being an elevated and massive architectural monument, or mausoleum. Upon its wide pedestal-base, where the tablet, held by two cherubim, is engraved with an epitaph given below, rises a Corinthian portal affixed to the church-wall, and inscribed, over the lintel of the door itself, with the French exclamation—HONNEUR ET FIDÉLITÉ! In front of this panelled access to the "Blind Cave of Eternal Night," his back towards it, (without any of the spurious picturesque effect, or sculptured melodrama, which Canova's Cinder-bearer entering the open jaws of Maria-Christina's mausoleum at Vienna, exhibits), a full-length figure of Beauharnais stands. Upon his right is seated the Muse Clio; upon his left are the youthful Genii of Death and Future Life. These latter, being of less than human dimensions, balance the Muse who forms their pendant, and thus make the whole group perceptibly yet not importantly pyramidal; they also lean breast to breast, and brow to brow, in pretty contrast both of attitude and sentiment—that with inverted torch and mournful downcast look, this with torch over arm, and a serene erect countenance. The Muse is very grand, very beautiful, has a fine, even a sublime expression—one of Thorwaldsen's best statues: it would be almost proof against hyper-criticism were the *workmanship* only equal to that of Canova. Clio, as allegorical duty bound, pens a scroll, while she regards her hero like a paintress about to take his bodily portrait. The chief figure, Eugene himself, seems a failure—heavy and vulgarish—holding a chaplet as if he would let it drop, and no wonder, it is such a ponderous handful! He wears a classic cloak, but armour, sword, &c., are deposited at his feet, and his left hand presses his bosom, with a somewhat ambiguous allusion to the inscription above. The epitaph on the basement in capital letters reads thus—

Heic placide ossa cubant  
Eugenii Napoleonis  
Regis Italie vices quondam gerentis  
Nat. Lutet. Parisior. D. III. Sept. MDCCXXXI.  
Def. Monacchi D. XXI. Febr. MDCCCXXIV.  
Monumentum posuit vidua merens  
Augusta Amalia  
Max. Joseph. Bav. Regis filia.

I may as well add a note or two—mere general impressions—concerning some other works by this celebrated sculptor which came under my observation at Munich. In the Glyptothek are—a bust of the present king when crown-prince, and a statue of *Adonis*, the former remarkable for nothing, the latter for its author's characteristic fault, heaviness. Yet despite this fault, Thorwaldsen's *Adonis* offends less, if I must not say pleases more, than Canova's *Paris*, its competitor here, which is affected, fatty, and gross; it has an emaculate look, a prize-fed, unwholesome sleekness of surface, as though the Phrygian Shepherd-prince had been pampered on rape-seed and oil-cake; this was the extreme of Canova's luxurious manipulation, and almost reconciles us to the stone-cutter work of his Scandinavian rival. Not having seen Thorwaldsen's "Three Graces," I cannot compare them with those of the Italian artist at the Leuchtenberg Gallery; let me therefore quote a poet-king's decision instead:

Canova's Grazien.

Ueppige Mädchen sind hier die Grazien, Lüstertheit weckend:  
Ist zu reizen jedoch je die Bestimmung der Kunst?

Thorwaldsen's Grazien.

Unverhüllt sind auch die Deinigen, unverhüllt uns zeigend  
Hellas Charitinnen, keusch, Göttlich, in heiliger Kunst.  
König Ludwig von Bayern, Werke. Band II. S. 197.

His majesty's verse-making is accused of what our newspaper-critics have translated *Gorgonism*, a word which their readers re-translate *Gorgonism*, to express the frightful character they imagine conveyed by that strange epithet; perhaps it was a mere misprint for *Gongorism*, with a glance at King Ludwig's love of light and sonorous jingle-jangle, peculiar to the Spanish poet Gongora. Yet his above quatrain goes deep enough into the true subject-matter—"Is to please then, the destination of Art?" We find even Lessing and Reynolds, as well as Canova, answer this question most superficially in the affirmative. Our royal critic does not make it quite so clear by his second couplet, what is that destination: I should

expect little but the very ice of chastity from Thorwaldsen's Graces.

P.S. The statue of Lord Byron, which your correspondent mentions, I saw at the Sculptor's studio in Rome: it struck me as a respectable work, and nothing more, scarce beyond the conception of Chantrey, and beneath his execution. Nevertheless, your correspondent may well direct public attention towards an object which ought to have two-fold interest; though perhaps its being immured within "the village-church of Hucknall," like Lord Bacon's statue, seated in awful solitude within St. Michael's quiet little sanctuary near St. Alban's, enshrines it far better than if it were deposited amidst the vulgar mob of marble monstrosities that desecrate Westminster Abbey. B.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS Exhibition must be satisfactory to all such as recollect the early days of the New Society, and its closet-like show-room in the Strand. It is a rare chance, indeed, for the critic to enter an exhibition room where he has so signally to mark progress. He is hardly a foot's length within the threshold before a very graceful *Perdita* and *Florizel* (316), by Mr. Wehnert, is seen, which will justify our assertions. We know that that most pastoral of all pastorals is beyond the power of painter's art: but Mr. Wehnert has put forth in his presentment of it a delicacy and a grace for which we were unprepared. The maiden is sweet, with a touch of the king's daughter to redeem her rusticity—the shepherd gracious and manly in his love-making. Perhaps the flesh of both is too leaden in its tones, for the cure of which Mr. E. Corbould's arrangement of tints might be consulted. An *Adoration of the Shepherds* (244), by the same hand, is a far less happy effort. The general effect is flat and monotonous: while attempting the sanctity of the elder masters, in treating the mother and child, Mr. Wehnert has, like many another modern, (how many among the Germans!) fallen into stiffness and insipidity. Moreover, the composition is awkwardly divided: the two moieties being needlessly distinct, and proportion so little attended to, that we are rather oppressed by the predominance of rustic adoration, than permitted to feel that it centres round a celestial essence, within the atmosphere of which all human things—prayer and praise themselves—become subordinate. Mr. Wehnert's *Gateway at Allington Castle* (133) a subject of an entirely different order, being merely an archway and courtyard interior, with one female figure, is clever, and gives us occasion to commend him for versatility in choice of subject and effect.

The two favourite exhibitors of figure-pieces in the New Society are Mr. Haghe and Mr. E. Corbould: the former generally confining himself to one rich and elaborate contribution. This year it is *The Last Moments of Andrea Zurbaren* (66), in which, with less gorgeous accumulation of detail, there is more of human passion and feeling than we usually find in the works of this excellent and careful delineator of still life. Mr. Haghe, in the drawing under admiration, is particularly happy in the management of his masses of light, and the adjustment of his tones of colour, which are grave without dullness. But we tremble for his drawings, from the quantity of body-colour with which they are loaded, which Time may rob of such small lustre as it now can be made to possess, leaving a surface as chill and earthy as a painting on a plastered wall. The grouping is good: the drawing fair; though the neck and shoulders of the dying man might have received further study. The picture is weakest in its expression. The repetition of priestly costume and priestly physiognomy, always more or less tends towards monotonous insipidity. And here the attitudes of interest with which the ecclesiastics gather round the dying man's pillow, and bend towards the head of Christ, which his hand, now fallen heavily over the coverlid, has traced on the wall, are hardly borne out by any commensurate sympathy or curiosity of countenance. The physician who sits by the bed-side, may be excused professional command or callousness: but the monks, who had suspected their guest of vagrancy, and found—to stretch a symbol—that they had "entertained an angel unawares," would surely have been more animated by the surprise of pleasure or checked suspicion than they are here represented. The draw-

ing, nevertheless, is a beautiful one: among Mr. Haghe's best.

Mr. Edward Corbould is in greater force than he was last year. The strife which he has of late been carrying on between prettiness and masculine vigour, betrays, in this present Exhibition, some advantage to the credit of the latter: but the battle is only half won. The first view of his *Joan of Arc* (26) will even provoke a smile, from some who are arrested by a modish peasant *déshabillé*, and an attitude which Gainsborough would, perhaps, have idealized, had the subject been 'A Girl driving Horses to Water.' Yet despite of the commonplace forms the artist has selected, those who look again will detect, that, in his own way, there is a poetry and elevation thrown into these russet weeds, and into that easy, almost familiar pose. The Maid of Domremi is deep in reverie. Her countenance, lit up by the setting sun, is turned away from her charge (a couple of horses, on one of which she is seated) with an indifference which will serve her in the day of battle, towards the *métairie*,—perhaps because a couple of men in armour are pricking thitherward. Calmness and concentrated purpose too, are in her girlish features:—that dream of hers will not dissolve into empty air! Then the rich tone of colour in which the drawing is generally executed gives almost the effect of glory to the light which surrounds her. We are pleased with the landscape, as also with the animals, and commend the careful finish, without finical neatness, which Mr. Corbould has bestowed on his subject. This is all the more praiseworthy, since he possesses the free hand of a ready sketcher; as No. 62, a drawing from Thomson's 'Seasons,' and No. 295, with the hackneyed title *Under the Rose*, sufficiently attest. Mr. Corbould has a more ambitious composition than any of these, entitled *The Britons deploring the Departure of the Last Roman Legion*, (101), which also many will consider his best work. It is clever, inasmuch as it contains rich contrasts of colour, bold draperies, and drawing and grouping far above mediocrity. The two female figures in the foreground, moreover, have many admirers. But the interest excited is not quite in proportion to the ambition manifest,—so remote a subject demanding a double proportion of nerve on the part of him who would bring it home to the public. This it was, apart from its technical merits, which gave such a charm to Mr. Cope's 'First Trial by Jury' in the Cartoon Exhibition.

Mr. Warren, the president of this Society, is hardly so clever as usual. His desert scenes of camels and Ethiopians, are repeated with somewhat too mechanical an iteration. To ourselves the most welcome works he exhibits are the two drawings, *An Egyptian Lady* (150), and *An Arab of the Nile* (162). On the other hand, Mr. Absolon has made a decided start, in his *Captain Macheath betrayed by his Mistresses* (142), a very superior drawing of the Picaresque school: the Tyburn hero is "a proper fellow," the "dear charmers" have all the winning beauty of what Horace Walpole called *Polly-hood*. There is no attempt at the romance of thorough breeding, and high blood, with which so many have attempted to invest the actors in the Newgate drama; yet there is no grimace, nor caricature, nor needless vulgarity. All is in orderly disorder, as it should be. This drawing, too, seems very near the right thing as to touch and texture for water-colours. Too many attempt an enamelled smoothness, too many lazily rest contented with a flimsy and smudgy breadth and rudeness of hand, which makes the work little better than the splashed margin of the straining-board. The pathetic grace of the original is in Mr. Absolon's tiny sketches from 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' (155 and 156). We admired last year his drawings from John Bunyan's work, but cannot praise his *Christian descending the Hill Difficulty* (259), which is odd rather than effective.—The subject, it may be, would have defied the best artist who could have selected it.

We must mention, ere we leave the figure-pieces, Mr. Keeling's *Falstaff* and *Prince Henry* (308), a bright clever drawing, in which, however, the fat knight is better treated than the merry, mad Prince, who has too much the air of an Estifania masquerading in man's attire. Mr. Jenkins also exhibits some pretty costume figures, and some clever groups of French peasantry—as, for instance, *The Potato Harvest on the Coast of France* (132). Mr. Alfred Taylor is clever, too, in the usual line: disappoint-



ingly near excellence. A Landscape, and an Interior with figures, will enable us to modulate, as the musicians have it, from one department of the exhibition to another, without harshness or discord. The first is by Mr. D. Cox, his clever *Decameron Scene* (146), in the avenue at Powis Castle—the second *The Studio of Leonardo da Vinci* (217), by Mr. Chase, in which the splendours of the Palace of Francis I., where the noble painter wrought his marvels, are better given than the human figures: the latter being stiff and meagre.

By Mr. Topham's *Stepping Stones* (218) we quit this debatable land—though still not on the domain of pure landscape: since this artist's rustic figures are nearly as prominent as the rocks, and brook-margins, and wold scenes, and old walls, he pencils with so much truth and freedom. We would beg him, however, at this stage of his career, which ought to be a very successful one, to mistrust his propensity for Indian ink and violet shadows, since many of the clever drawings he exhibits are done in a sort of half-tint, which gives an air of slightness and sombreness, easily avoided. Ere long, the predilection may become a malady of eye, if not sedulously resisted and watched against. We cannot point out a better warning against a colour-fancy than is supplied us by Mr. Maplestone, who sees everything in the full orange light of evening, with a constancy which already deprives his works of half the charm belonging to them. Yet his *Eton on the Thames* (196), like a dozen more of his drawings which make a sunshine in the corners where they hang, is a work of merit.

We are glad to see a resistance on the part of Mr. Bright, to this besetting weakness of landscape painters. In his *Entrance to an Old Prussian Town* (195), which hangs close above Mr. Maplestone's clever piece of *fire-work* just specified, he has broken fresh ground: forsaken his mills and pollards for the picturesque details of continental architecture—and his rising moon for a sunset upon snow, which is cold enough to freeze the very marrow in the bones of all who stand before it. Perhaps the white below and the blue above, with that western spot of chilly radiancy, are a trifle exaggerated: but the handling is decided and masterly—and the drawing (a little superfluous glare forgiven) a very desirable one. Mr. Bright has another contribution, a *Scene on the Borders of Dartmoor* (222), which is different, and still not quite in the style which first made him popular. In this, we particularly admire the foliage, which fills so gracefully the centre of the picture: the touch is excellent, light without frivolity. When lecturing on the peculiarities which constitute manner, commend us, by way of example, to Mr. Dodgson; two tiny drawings, *Water-gate* (107), and *Going Out* (25), caught our notice by the singularity of their touch and tint: in the first it seemed a charm, in the second it bade fair to become a trick: a more artificial arrangement of colours has not been often seen than these pretty Watteauish subjects disclose. In a wider landscape or two, where it is employed, the failure is complete. Among the best landscape contributions to this exhibition are those by Mr. Duncan, beginning with the pair numbered 3 and 10, proceeding to *Brighton, with Fishing Boats going out* (92), and ending with what really may be called a gem of its kind, the *Fisher Children on Whitstable Beach* (128). He has many other works beside these, and many of greater pretension. Mr. Youngman's advance enables us to close this notice, as we began it, with praise for progress: his *Shady Lane* (172), and *Scene on the Balder* (291), being both far better than any drawings he has heretofore exhibited. May this Society go on and prosper!

#### EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE WORKS FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

This Exhibition was opened to the public on Monday last, at the late St. James's Bazaar, King Street, St. James's. Like the Cartoon Exhibition, admission to it will be by payment of a shilling in the first instance, and, after a time, the public will be admitted gratis, excepting on Saturdays. It may be as well to mention, that the Exhibition will not be opened at all on the days of Her Majesty's levees and drawing-rooms.

Not only this Exhibition itself, but the circumstances under which it has been created, seem to us to be strongly illustrative of the state of Decorative

Art in this country. It is resolved, very properly, by the Commission on Fine Arts, that the new Houses of Parliament shall be decorated.—but then naturally arise the questions—First, Who shall execute the decorations? where are the competent parties? and secondly, what shall be executed? The Commissioners proclaim, Whereas “carved work in wood will be required for various parts of the new palace at Westminster, and in the first instance for the doors of the Houses of Lords:” whereas “various windows in the new palace at Westminster will be decorated with stained glass; whereas ornamental pavements will be required for the halls and corridors; arabesque paintings and heraldic decorations for the enrichment of panels, friezes, &c. in colour and gold; ornamental metal-work for screens, railings, gates, &c., artists and others are invited to send designs for such decorations, for the purpose of assisting the Commissioners in the selection of persons to be employed;” therefore artists are invited to come forward. This part of the invitation seems to us to mark the fact that such decorative artists are not readily known or easily to be found, for the simple reason that there are few works ostensibly to mark their existence. There would probably have been little requirement for such proclamations when Henry VII. built his chapel to ‘our Lady,’ at Westminster, or even so late as the period of the erection of Wolsey's mausoleum at Windsor. No newspapers in those days to publish the want; no want of the knowledge where artificers should be found. Still less can we imagine William of Wykeham calling out for carvers in wood, stainers of glass, heraldic painters, or smiths cunning in metal work, to manifest their existence to him. But if we can suppose that he had to hunt out his workmen, we cannot conceive that he would be in need as well of their designs as of their workmanship. We cannot but think that he had more settled notions of the harmonious fitness of things than to say, “Here are the dimensions of a door, here those of a window, come and tell me what I am to put up.” But, *tempora mutantur*, and our Commissioners, we must believe, are compelled to do so, or we presume they would not have done it. We do not object altogether to these proclamations;—we do not clearly see what else the Commissioners could do. Under our present circumstances of art, and the education of artists, we hail the Commission as a great good, and some safeguard against error; and our principal object in noticing that there is one functionary to build the outside walls, and a body of functionaries to decorate the inside of them, is to contrast, for the benefit of all parties, this state of matters with the different circumstances under which, probably, our English architects acted in former times, and under which, certainly, those great architects Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and others acted in Italy, and in order that we may fully recognize our position, and suffer no disappointment in our prospects. When a great work was to be done, there was a great man found to control all its minutie. He was engineer, architect, painter, decorator, sculptor, modeller,—and the spirit of his genius was breathed through all the productions.

The practical answer to the Commissioners' invitation, is the present display of decorative art—very unsatisfactory, we should say, for its specific purpose, though we foresee a great good as likely to spring from it incidentally. As for showing the Commission what ought actually to be done in the new palace, excepting in the case of Mr. Owen Jones's pavements, we doubt much if the exhibition will furnish one salutary new hint to the Commission or Mr. Barry—for we must assume the latter to have been already aware of the greatest novelties displayed—as, for example, the new process of inlaying woods for flooring, and of the extent to which the manufacture of mosaics and encaustic tiles has been carried. Clever and well executed as may be some of the carvings of woodwork, and a few of the decorative paintings, neither of these two classes of specimens make very important revelations of executive skill. The specimens of stained glass, with scarcely an exception, are very poor, and the designs no better: both of them far below many public works which have been recently executed. But the weakest part of the Exhibition is the metal work, amounting literally to nothing beyond some few specimens of clean casting, which it requires technical ability to judge of.

These iron works place the present age in ornamental metal work, far, very far, behind the days of Queen Eleanor or of Henry IV., as their tombs in Westminster Abbey would have convinced any one, if the Dean and Chapter had suffered the iron railing about them to remain.

It seems to us that, putting aside the development of executive skill, nothing of any practical utility for the new palace could have been reasonably expected from this Exhibition. We should say, it had also failed in calling forth all the best workmanship which is to be obtained, and this result was to have been expected by any one who would reflect on all the circumstances. The Commissioners do not seem to have been aware that the invitation to a metal caster or glass stainer to prepare specimens of their ingenuity, differs essentially from the invitation to an artist to send a cartoon. It involves a much greater sacrifice on the part of the handicraftsman, to say nothing about the preparation of a design:—the execution of them implies the use of materials more or less costly, and the employment of several subordinate kinds of labour. The artist, with his cartoon, gives his ability and time; his extraneous expenses do not extend beyond a few sheets of paper and models. Practice in invention to him essentially turns to his profit.

The Commissioners tempted the artist with premiums remunerative of the labour given, but they did no such thing for the hard-fisted smith, or practical wood-carver, who needed both the stimulus, and merited the reward, we should say, even more than the artist. Besides, there are much fewer artists of the strictly decorative class than painters of pictures, and they have still to be created. The result is, that in those departments of decoration, where the production of good specimens would have involved more or less of an outlay, and where success was unattainable without it, nothing, comparatively speaking, has been obtained. It cannot be doubted, that this exhibition is not so good as it might have been, had even moderate premiums been offered. Moreover, we think, that if the exhibition were intended to call forth the *inventive* skill of decorators, the circumstances under which it was solicited, rendered any very effective manifestation of it quite hopeless. “Here are so many superficial feet (say the Commissioners) make us an ornamental door, or a window.” Mere superficialities is the very meagrest guide to what is desirable. The first object of decoration is its perfect and subordinate suitability to its specific purpose. This cannot even be guessed at from a lithographed outline. We doubt if Mr. Barry himself, who must certainly know most about the actual position of the proposed doors, their relations to surrounding parts, the suitability of the light, and a multitude of other points worthy of consideration, could determine just now what is most desirable for the “doors of the House of Lords.” How then could a half-taught wood-carver be expected to produce a door suitable for the purpose? To ask him to do so, seems to us, nothing better than a request for a useless employment of his time and tools. Much more strongly do these remarks apply to windows, for which we should say nothing whatever could be done, without the most precise knowledge of all the circumstances under which they are likely to be used. To tell us that “the objects forming the details of decoration, may be either figures or heraldic devices relating to the Royal Families of England, or a union of the two, and may be accompanied by borders, diapered grounds, legends, and similar enrichments”—is merely saying, “repeat to us what you may find at York Minster or Canterbury Cathedral.” The root of any inventive power to be called forth in this apparently most conventional art, can only germinate in a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances liable to attend its use. Surely all stained glass consists either of “figures, heraldic devices, diapered grounds, and legends, or similar enrichments”! It seems to us a very great mistake, indeed, to imagine, that windows and doors and pavements are capable of being treated as separate arts or inventions, apart from, and independent of the localities which are actually to receive them. The principles which should govern their construction, we submit, are absolutely and entirely dependent on the actual use of the things themselves in precise and definite instances.

But it is time that we bring our general observations to a close, and this is the result we have come to upon this exhibition. The works of the Westminster Palace are not sufficiently advanced to employ, usefully, any *inventive* talent for decorations so essentially subordinate, as those shown in this exhibition. If it were thought necessary to call forth this talent, and perhaps it was, for we fear we have no Michael Angelo or Donatello, as our architect or ornamentalist, to make designs for windows, and doors, and metal work, then the only chance of obtaining the best extraneous talent was by paying for it. If the object were only to call forth *executive* skill, then it seems to us, that some specific design of door, screen, &c., should have been prepared, and workmen invited to execute it with a guarantee of payment for their labour. This, indeed, we submit is the course for another year—if the Commissioners desire practically to be assisted "in the selection of persons to be employed."

Yet we are not disappointed with this exhibition—it is neither better nor worse than ought to have been expected. We must not be conceited about it, for measured by the decorative art existing before the Reformation in England, it must be confessed to be a very poor show—the sceptical may readily turn, for conviction, to Mr. Shaw's excellent *Encyclopædia of Ornament*. The exhibition, as we have said, is poorest in metal work—a department in which we arrogate to ourselves to have made monstrous advances. In a stroll of six miles about the neighbourhood of Richmond (not to get so far as Hampton Court) we would be bound to collect fragments of iron gates of as late a date even as the seventeenth century, with which scarcely a single specimen, in the present exhibition, could be compared, for an instant, either for beauty of form or cunning execution. There is nothing within a long distance, indeed, comparable with the iron work attributed to Quintin Matsys, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In short, whether in wood, or iron, stained glass, or encaustic tiles, there is not a single specimen which we could not readily surpass with an ancient specimen. Unhappily, this, perhaps, must be our case for a time, but it need not, and ought not to be so permanently. We cordially welcome this exhibition with all sincerity for the good which must result from it, as a beginning, by forcibly directing public attention to the subject: it is a thing, once begun, we shall hope to see followed up year by year, and year after year, we doubt not, to be able to record a progress. But our decorators have everything to learn—as their specimens here prove—especially in regard to the principles of their respective arts. This we shall endeavour to show, in the course of our observations, upon some of the best of the individual specimens—beginning with those in

#### Wood-carving,

which appear to have been generally intended to be used for the doors of the House of Lords—each artist sending a design for the whole door on paper, and executing a single panel in oak. In many of the designs, the principal feature is the introduction in the panels of statuettes in niches, and under canopies—a mistaken notion, as it seems to us, of ornamenting that part of a door which is subject to being constantly in motion. Statues and bas-reliefs may be appropriate enough in the heading, and the mouldings, and adjacent parts of doorways which are stationary, but not for the panels. We cannot, at the moment, call to mind any good ancient example where they are so employed. Hamo de Hythe's exquisite doorway leading into the chapter house at Rochester Cathedral, one of the most beautiful specimens of flamboyant decorated work remaining, where small statues, beneath canopies, are most effectively employed, at the sides and in the archway, seems to have furnished no hint at all to our exhibitors.

As the best specimen of workmanship (not to mention some work of the Grinling Gibbons species) executed with considerable feeling, we should instance the figure of a bishop standing with his crozier, (No. 3), the work of William Ollett. No. 14, by John Thomas, the superintendent, we believe, of the statuary used for the exterior of the New Houses, is the figure of a saint, executed with great freedom. No. 17, by Francis William Browne, which, consisting of various emblems and not statues, seems to us one

of the most appropriate, and of a somewhat original character. It is sharply and cleanly cut too. Specimen No. 10 is handsome for the rich and elaborate tracery on the panels of a strictly ornamental character, but the execution is too uniform for hand-cutting, and looks as though it had been cut by machinery. No. 29, by John Black, and No. 35, by R. B. Boyle, are worth examination—the first for its clever execution, though the design is feeble, the latter for its originality, which is of a mixed character of ornament, not inelegant. Some of the designs have an ambitious incongruity, and an inexplicable commingling of historical characters. In No. 26, we have 'Cranmer receiving the Bible from Henry VIII.,' 'King John signing Magna Charta,' 'David I., King of Scotland, administering justice,' 'St. Patrick summoned before the King and Princes of Tara, for lighting the Paschal fire,' 'Britannia, Henry III., and Henry VII., a Bishop, and Lord Fitzwalter! The description of No. 19 is too long for quotation, but it takes in Moses, Solomon, Ananias, Trial by Ordeal, the Inquisition, Tournament, the Reformation, the Good Samaritan, and Trial by Jury! No. 48 nearly rivals No. 26, for its fancy. It is a mixture of the Queen's Arms, King Alfred, Lycurgus, the Tudor Rose, a Portucullis, and the Arms of Westminster! We doubt much if all such ambitious attempts for doorways are not mistakes, and whether anything should be employed, at least on the panels, beyond strict ornament, which offers a sufficiently ample field for fine execution. A door is not the place where statues or bas-reliefs can be enjoyed and thoroughly examined, and wood, unless painted, is not a very fit medium for their execution. We must not omit to notice the carving, directly imitative of nature, by J. Rogers, which is fixed over the staircase. The festoons of flowers and fruit, warlike arms, musical instruments, dead game, &c., show very great executive skill—perhaps not quite equalling the works of Grinling Gibbons, but being executed in a dark wood which is polished, the lights are broken and the effect is lessened. But the style is not at all suitable to the present object, and is, at best, founded on a mistake, in which clever manipulation becomes the highest feature. Even Nature herself, untranslated into the nature and feeling of art, is not good, as any one may see in the electrotype specimens of leaves and plants of various kinds exhibited here (see No. 96). The most promising objects of wood-work are the specimens of inlaid wood for flooring. Here machinery steps in most advantageously, and we doubt not to find the art spreading rapidly, and finding its way into ordinary domestic rooms. By cutting horizontally across the grain of the wood, much greater durability is insured, and beautiful grainings are found even in the commonest woods. None of the patterns are, in themselves, very good, but the process is very promising indeed. The various specimens sent, are by Crannis and Kemp, Austin and Rammell, Samuel Pratt and Anthony Binns. Here, for the present, we must close our notice of this exhibition.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM, CASTLE ST. BERNERS ST. On WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 1st, MR. LOVER will have the honour of producing a new ENTERTAINMENT; being a characteristic sketch of that distinguished corps of European celebrity, the IRISH BRIGADE, with Anecdotes, historical and personal (both serious and comic), of the interesting events and characters of the time, illustrated by appropriate Music, comprising NEW SONGS.—Admission, 2s. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d.

Tickets may be had as follows:—Duff & Hodgson, 65, Oxford Street; Cramer & Co., Regent Street; Chappell & Co., Old Bailey & Co., and F. Leader, Bond Street; Willis, Grosvenor Street; also, Sams, Ebers, Mitchell's, and Bailey's Libraries; Kettil, Frowse, and Co.'s, 45, Cheapside.

##### LOVE'S POLYPHONY, MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

Entertainments WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, May 1st and 3rd. Total Change each Evening. On Wednesday, Love's Mirth and Marvels, with Mine Host's Dilemmas, and other Entertainments—on Friday, Love in all Shapes, with Love's Labours Lost, and other Entertainments. Admission, 2s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Private Boxes for six, 12s.; Private Boxes for eight, 12s. Doors open at Half-past Seven, begin at Eight. Particulars in small bills.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—It must be borne in mind that these are strictly pupils' concerts, given for the purpose of exhibiting the progress made by the members of the Institution to its friends and patrons. In criticizing them, therefore, gentle construction becomes due in no ordinary degree; and when we point out a fault, it shall not be the short-coming of an individual, whom time and ambition may mature into excellence, but some defect of management, which a

larger comprehension of the true purposes of the establishment might cure. Thus, with regard to the selection from the 'St. Paul' of Mendelssohn, the coarseness on the part of the orchestra, the want of point among the vocalists, which made insipid some of the most characteristic choruses extant, must be ascribed to the conductor's indifference to the fact that the English are proverbially slack in the matter of time. Again, in attending these entertainments, it is impossible not to feel how eminently a professor of declamation is wanted; since the singers who make their text audible (whether it be English or Italian), and who deliver their verbal phrases with sensitiveness of feeling—still more, with elegance of pronunciation, form the exception, not the rule. Heartily is it to be wished, that our young people would themselves more earnestly feel the necessity of further and finer labour in this branch of their art. Without intelligible and polished declamation, there is no good singing; and that our language, bad though its reputation be, is susceptible of this, we may prove by instancing Mrs. Shaw, and the yet stronger (because foreign) examples of Mesdames Malibran, Caradori, and Stockhausen; to say nothing of our recent guest, M. Duprez. Now to come to the pleasanter part of our notice. Among the veterans, Miss Flower distinguished herself in Benedict and De Beriot's 'Prendi.' Miss Lincoln, a younger singer, deserves capital praise for her solid, expressive, and finished execution of Spohr's great *scena* from 'Faust'—a song more than ordinarily trying—which was probably never better given by Englishwoman, though sung by Miss Paton with greater power of voice. Why are our young gentlemen "so backward in coming forward"? We must not omit to praise Miss Chamberlaine, as a pianist of more than ordinary attainment, who played two movements of Mr. W. S. Bennett's concerto in F minor, with steadiness, taste, and expression.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On the repetition of 'Semiramis' this day week, Miss Edwards had recovered from her fit of self-knowledge, and exhibited with a confidence which compels us to declare that there was neither declamation nor feeling for declamation in her recitatives, but an apparent disdain of all the concerted music—that her intonation was distressingly sharp from first to last—and that in her solos the favourite notes were more remorselessly shouted, the passages more inaccurately dashed off than ever. But worse, if worse could be, than the *Arace*, was the *Adalgisa* of Thursday evening: whose presence destroyed two-thirds of the 'Norma'—and whose performance was a musical parody from which Mr. J. Parry might gather information: gone through moreover in all seriousness, without a sign of misgiving,—and this by the side of Grisi, in all the glory of her best looks, best voice, and best action!—an exhibition truly calculated to puzzle our contemporaries, had they not already begun to shift their ground, and to pray for patience on behalf of a beginner. But we must remind them, that no such word was whispered in the preliminary triumphs on "Mlle. Favanti's" engagement, or in the notices of her first appearance; both, on the contrary, described her as a Malibran, Sontag, and Grisi "rolled into one." Not, however, to hold the lady's champions to their own first raptures,—but to meet them on their present ground—it is a new principle, this patience with beginners thrust into leading parts at Her Majesty's Theatre—the most costly public amusement in Europe; and which, therefore, should be considered (and has hitherto been) the arena for ripened talents, and not the school-room for those who have everything to learn, and as much to unlearn. If the subscribers acquiesce in such an arrangement for their dearly-bought pleasures, what need to send to Italy when Tenterden Street is so near? We must speak out plainly for the sake of Art, when we see attempts so flagrant so unjustifiably sanctioned by those who should at once defend the Artist and the Public. It is needless to say how far more agreeable it would have been to have welcomed the new singer as another of those who have done honour to English genius and English industry. Let us hope to be spared the necessity of returning to a subject so distasteful.

M. JOACHIM.—The youngest musician of the season—a sound and skilful player, rather a prodigy, is this boy, whose success at Drury Lane and the *Società Armonica*—to say nothing of the admiration his read-



ing of quartetts has excited in chamber concerts—has been as signals well-merited. So thoroughly grounded seems to be this young professor in musical science, as well as in executive skill—so liberally gifted in the essentials of heart, head, and health, that we see no limit to his future career; and if the creative faculty develop itself, shall look for a great artist in him, in the most comprehensive acceptance of the term.

**DRURY LANE.**—M. Benedict's long-talked-of opera, 'The Brides of Venice,' was produced on Monday last, with great success, in spite of a heavy drawback at the last moment, in the sudden illness of Mr. Stretton, which made a change of cast necessary. The event of the first Act is the stoop made by the outlaws upon the brides. The former are directed by *Orio Soranzo* (Mr. Borroni), in revenge for the rejection of his suit by *Francesca* (Miss Romer), a patrician lady. She abides by her earlier choice, of *Alberto*, (Mr. Harrison,) a general of the Republic, and who has encountered *Orio* in his piratical disguise. The main instrument in the intrigue, throughout the story, is *Orio's* Arab page, *Naama* (Mrs. A. Shaw), a girl who has saved his life, and followed him in disguise. From her name, and the situation of the four principal characters, it will be seen by all readers of French novels that 'L'Uscoque,' of George Sand, has, at some part of the *libretto*-making process or other, been consulted. The *finale* to the first Act is a superb tableau from Mr. Herbert's well-known picture. The dresses, too, are gorgeous. The *encores* were numerous: first, the overture; then a chorus of bridesmaids, which divides Miss Romer's grand *entrata*; then Mr. Harrison's first ballad; then a romance (the gem of the opera), sung by Mrs. Shaw; and then a *villanella*—a sort of unaccompanied madrigal in the *finale*—which narrowly escaped being called for a third time. In the second Act we are taken to the pirates' haunt, where the brides and the heiress are held in duress by *Orio*, and to which the Venetian host comes in pursuit. How *Alberto* is washed on shore after a storm, which has separated his ship from the fleet, is concealed by *Naama*, who, betwixt generosity and jealousy, takes her rival's part—how the Arab finally avails herself of a mistrust between *Orio* and his band on the score of booty, to set the captives free, and to deliver over the tyrant to punishment, may be easily divined from these sketchy notes. In this Act a second ballad for Mr. Harrison was *encored*; a duett by Miss Romer and Mrs. Shaw shared the same pleasant fate. The work closes with a double-scene of a banquet-hall with subterranean dungeons, which outdoes in effect and extent the great similar scene of the third act of Halévy's 'Guido and Ginevra,' in Paris. The composer and the performers were unanimously called for, and enthusiastically cheered, at the close of the opera.

**HAYMARKET.**—The cordial welcome that greeted Mr. W. Farren's re-appearance on Monday, expressed not only the delight of the audience there assembled, but also the gratification of the whole play-going community, at the return to our stage of the first English comedian of the day. Mr. Farren played *Sir Peter Teasle* with his accustomed ability, though an appearance of effort, not usual with him in this character, indicated diminished strength; indeed, we regret to say that his late severe attack has left some slight traces in his enfeebled utterance, as well as his personal appearance. Madame Vestris, as *Lady Teasle*, was triumphantly gay, and looked charming in an elegant full dress. After Mr. Puff had lectured on the drama, a new farce, called 'Love in a Sack,' emptied the house, by the process of exhausting the patience of the audience, who, after seeing Buckstone hauled up in a sack to the "flies," would scarcely wait to witness his exit, bearing his sweetheart in a basket on his shoulders.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Metropolitan Improvements.**—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has appointed this day, 2 o'clock, to receive a deputation from the Metropolitan Improvement Society, and also from the Carpenters' Society, on the subject of the window duties. The object of the interview is to point out to Mr. Goulburn the evils arising from the window duties, as at present assessed, in their tendency to cause fewer

openings for light and air, to be made in houses, than are necessary for the health and comfort of human habitations, and especially as affecting cellars, closets, passages, and staircases, now usually left, in the inferior class of houses, without adequate means of ventilation. Should Mr. Goulburn not be prepared (as is more than probable) to consent to the abolition of window duties entirely, it will be proposed to him to introduce a short bill, to allow all persons now assessed to open new windows without additional charge, and to alter the mode of assessment in the case of houses hereafter built. A bill has been prepared with this view, which will be placed in Mr. Goulburn's hands for his consideration. It repeats so much of the 4 & 5 Geo. 4. c. 54, as relates to the words "duly assessed," and proposes that newly erected buildings shall be assessed to the window tax, in the following manner, one window only to be chargeable in every three squares of flooring on each story, thus limiting the number of windows to be charged, and allowing an unlimited number of openings for light and air.

**Viscount D'Arincourt**, in a letter to the *Times*, expresses his extreme surprise that Mr. O'Connell should deny "having written the verses," as stated by the Viscount (see *ante*, p. 315), and urges in proof, "I have those verses in my possession, written by Mr. O'Connell," &c. True enough, we doubt not, and the whole is a blunder originating in the double meaning of the word. Mr. O'Connell did write the lines, which he presented to the Viscount as an autograph; but he did not compose the verses. Another dispute has now arisen; Mr. O'Connell says they are from a poem called *Wallace*, written by Miss Mitford. Mr. M. O'Connell asserts they are by Miss Holcroft. Neither is correct, they are from Scott's 'Lord of the Isles.' Mr. O'Connell, as admitted, having substituted the word *Erin* for *Scotland* in the first line.

**Steam Frigates.**—The *Terrible*, which is building at Deptford, will measure about 1,800 tons; her length will be 226 feet; and she will cost, first and last, the expense of her engines included, about 90,000*l*. She will be a splendid ship, her engines will be of 800 horse power, and yet she will only carry six guns. The reason of her armament being so disproportionate to her size and cost is obvious. The weight of her engines is 500 tons, and she is to carry 800 tons of coals; and thus about 540 tons only will be left for guns, stores, ammunition, water, &c.—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

**The Great Britain.**—On further consideration of the plan of floating that huge vessel of 3,600 tons, out of the too narrow dock, on iron tanks, appears to be so fraught with danger, that it must be abandoned. So, then, says the *Bristol Mirror*, the *Great Britain* is in the predicament of the fatted weasel, that, while feeding and fattening in the farmer's granary, grew too big for the hole by which it gained admission. The case, though it is anomalous and without precedent, cannot surely be without remedy. The great prisoner at the bar cannot be incarcerated for ever.

**Land Slip.**—A remarkable occurrence has just taken place in the parish of Dornington. A large piece of land, consisting of more than three acres of rock and earth, with 40 oak trees, slipped down Dadnor's Hill, a distance of 200 yards, into the valley beneath, and now presents a very curious appearance, the projected masses of rock forming fantastic shapes of caverns, &c., and some of the trees remaining upright, as if growing. From the ground cracking, &c. there had been previous indications of the coming "slip," and no doubt the wet weather hastened the result.—*Hereford Times*.

**Unusual Abundance of Amber.**—A remarkable phenomenon, which has been observed during the present year, on this shore of the Baltic, has proved a source of great profit to the inhabitants. The amber gathering has been more productive than it is remembered ever to have been. In the village of Kahlberg alone, where the amber gathering is farmed, a quantity of amber, amounting in value to 20,000 thalers, has been obtained within the last few weeks. Probably the violent storms that have prevailed this winter, especially during the month of December, have brought this treasure up from the bottom of the sea.—*Elbing Zeitung*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. W.—P. A.—Lucius—Anti-Egotism—W. C.—Theta—E. P. H.—Beta—received.

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